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# HOLDEN'S DOLLAR MAGAZINE.

DL. III.

NEW YORK, JUNE, 1849.

NO. VI.



THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA  
FROM THE FIRST SETTLEMENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME  
BY JAMES M. SMITH  
VOLUME I  
THE EARLY PERIOD  
FROM 1607 TO 1763  
NEW YORK: PUBLISHED BY J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO. 1854

## VIEW OF THE OUTLET OF LAKE GEORGE.

OUR principal engraving for this month is, we think, (and we are not given to boasting,) a perfect gem. The pencil and the burin rarely achieve a more admirable result than this same view of Lake George. How admirably is the choice made by the artist! Could any man, however deeply his soul might be imbued with taste and love for the poetry of nature, make a better selection from among all the lovely spots the beautiful earth affords? Let him take the romantic purlieus of Switzerland—let him sail over the Loire, (as superb a stream as any in the world excepting our own Hudson,)—let him journey over both Hemispheres, and he will not find a spot better calculated to make a picture. It is romance itself—the very essence of natural beauty—the concentration of the creed and liturgy of nature's God. Any one with a soul above the merely-mechanical attributes of social life could become either a poet or a painter by residing upon such a spot as this. If not, there is no inspiration in landscape. "Confound the moon," Byron used to say, "I write well about it, but it always gives me the rheumatism to go out and view it." But all geniuses are not matter of fact, and if Lake George, by sunlight or lunar rays, could not *make* a poet, then have human nature, truth and poetry no affinity with each other.

But what is a picture, to those who never saw the original, without a description? Verily, nothing. Brief as our description of this must be, it shall embrace every necessary phase of information.

Lake George lies a little south and west of Lake Champlain, its outlet (as pictured) being about four miles from the head of its larger companion. It was discovered in July, 1669, (nearly two centuries ago,) by Samuel D. Champlain, about eleven years before the sturdy and conscience-strengthened Puritans placed their toil-worn feet from the Mayflower upon the rock at Plymouth. The discoverer named it Lake St. Sacrament or Holy Lake, because of the purity of its waters and the apparently mysterious character of its origin. It has no inlets, its sources being entirely *its own springs*. It is famous for having been the scene of the first battle ever fought upon this continent with the aid of gunpowder. This was fought, (exactly where our plate was drawn,) by Mr. Champlain, the discoverer, against the Indians, on the 29th of July, in the year 1669. In this battle he killed, with his own blunderbuss, three Iroquois chiefs. The contest was disputed by whites, under the command of Champlain, and by the Algonquin tribe of red men, led and directed by the Iroquois.

Lake George is, or ought to be, noted for being the spot in the immediate vicinity of which Abercrombie fought his memorable battle against the French in 1758—pursuing the fight from the mar-

gin of the outlet to Fort Ticonderoga, where the outlet enters Lake Champlain. Abercrombie, as is well known to the student of domestic history, attacked the fort and did not retire from pursuing his assaults thereupon until compelled by the loss of twenty hundred men. A loss, we should imagine, calculated to cause any prudent commander with less than a Waterloo army at his beck and call to admit that "discretion's the better part of valor."

Having spoken of what *was* connected with the lake, let us make a note of what *is*. At its head is the town of Caldwell, where is situated "The Lake House," the most superior hotel situated at the most fashionable and most delicious watering place in the United States. We have not quite exhausted the superlative in its praise, although we might do so and then not afford the reader a just idea of its excellencies. The "Lake House" is kept by Honorable J. F. Sherrill, a member of our State Legislature. It was of late enlarged and improved to meet the increasing visitations of the public, and is now a summer resort that has no equal in this country. It commands a splendid view of the point where Abercrombie embarked 16,000 men, (July 4, 1758,)—of French Mountain, and of the relics of Fort William Henry and Fort George.

It will be recollected that the first-mentioned of these forts is endowed with a melancholy interest as having formed the scene of the never-forgotten surrender and shocking butchery of the English by the French and Indians under the infamous General Montcalm in 1747—an event vividly and ably commemorated in James Fennimore Cooper's novel entitled "The Last of the Mohicans."

These are not the only thrilling associations, either of the past or the present time, belonging to this place. To learn and enjoy them the reader must visit Lake George, and if he does not pronounce it one of the sublimest spots upon the globe's surface, and commend us for our taste in selecting it for the subject of our illustration, we will frankly confess that either he or ourself is—egregiously mistaken.

Of Lake George we can properly say, supposing that to be nature in its most attractive form—

"To him who in the love of nature holds  
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
A various language: for his gayer hours  
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides  
Into his darker musings, with a mild  
And healing sympathy, that steals away  
Their sharpness ere he is aware."—BRYANT.

Remember

"The groves were God's first temples."

You will find them—as you *wish* to find them—in the vicinity of Lake George.

## CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

BY JOSEPH F. TUTTLE.

No age of the world has produced more marked characters than that usually termed the French Revolution. All things tended strongly to exaggeration. Vice became more and more hideous, bravery more reckless, eloquence more impassioned, selfishness more exorbitant, corruption more venal, and cruelty more blood-thirsty than elsewhere or at any other time. All things were in a whirl, and the tumultuous waters constantly brought up the basest as well as the brightest prodigies. Among these hideous exaggerations of which we have spoken, such may be mentioned as Robespierre, Carvier, Couthon, and above as well as beneath them all, Marat. In him the inward ugliness of spirit was matched by the outward ugliness of body. He was a fanatic always, but disappointment maddened his fanaticism into fiendishness. Thwarted in his ambition, loathed for his bad disposition and his unsightly appearance, spurned for his meanness, and hated for his malignity, he owed mankind, especially the favored portions, a grudge, which could only be paid in blood. Burrowing in the filthiest dens of Paris, this creature spent his time in publishing the basest things ever conceived of, and, by paying court to the rabble by maligning the higher classes, he gradually acquired a mastery of them, which at one time threatened to overtop Robespierre himself. His cry was for blood, and he never seemed to indulge even a ghastly smile, except when he saw the blood of the aristocrats flowing like water. He was the demon of blood, who had but to speak, and gangs of desperados hurried to execute his cruel words. To such an extent had he carried his atrocity that all France trembled at his name, and all the world coupled his name with infamy.

Holy Writ has the words of an infinitely wise being recorded thus: "He that taketh the sword shall perish with the sword." Vengeance does not always wait for another world, and not unfrequently it comes in the strangest ways, so that simply a fly sometimes rids the world of a monster. In the north of France the angel of death was nursing a feeble weapon with which to destroy Marat. In a family of great intelligence was to be seen, when the French Revolution began, a stately girl, who had fed the heroism of her heart by the frequent perusal of the tragedies of Corneille, her grandfather. She came of a resolute stock, and she loved liberty. Her eye comprehended the miseries of France, and her heart bled for them. She had suffered much herself from the poverty of her father, and knew that much of his misery sprung from the enormous exactions of the government. The dreamy speculations of the neighboring convent had added the element of religion to her enthusiasm, which was blown into a bright blaze by the current philosophy of the day, teaching men to look for a political millennium which should banish all suffering from the world. It must have been "a sight to see" that

young and beautiful girl, at the age of nineteen, ripening into glorious womanhood, seated by the fountain in her aunt's yard, beneath the shade of some grand old tree, and there pondering on the present misery of France and her coming deliverance. At such times, her large dreamy eyes would kindle with the emotions which throbbed in her heart, and her friends looked on her as one inspired.

Such an one could not mingle in the trivial sports and employments usual to those of her own age. She stood aloof, and yet not in such way as to excite the displeasure of others. She was not one of them. She was above them, and while they shrunk back awed by her dignity, that awe did not suffer alloy from jealousy. To such a disposition, and such aspirations, the impassioned words of Rousseau were electric. All the enthusiastic words of the plebian philosopher she drank in with avidity, and from them she hastened to others, the philosophers, who, at that time, were springing up like mushrooms over France. She drank at these fountains of impure inspiration, until her enthusiasm became a mania. She no longer lived in a real world, but surrounded herself with unreal circumstances. Let us in charity take this view of an unfortunate and otherwise highly criminal woman, who was preparing to act a part in that tragedy which would cause a wail of anguished madness to go up from millions, and at the same time would suffer mankind everywhere to breathe more freely, now that it was accomplished.

To this we must add one more fact. Woman, even when endowed with the most splendid qualities, is still a woman, whose heart has adaptations to love some congenial spirit. The gifted Madame Roland, with all her genius, had a heart which yearned after affection. Charlotte Corday was not an exception. Previous to the revolution she had formed a passionate attachment to a young military officer, said, in every respect, to have been worthy of her. Had they been united, the anxieties, the comforts, and the sober realities of the married life might have chastened her political enthusiasm into proper bounds, and thus her name at the same time have missed the stain of murder and a place in history. But that was not to be. Her lover was in Paris when the revolution in 1789 began to heave society like an earthquake. By some means he fell under the notice and the displeasure of Marat, who denounced him to the populace as an enemy to their liberty. He did this repeatedly before he sufficiently maddened them for his base purpose. At length their fury broke bounds, and Charlotte's lover perished the victim of Marat. She knew it, and in her soul she hated the fiend that did it. It was a cruel and uncalled for wrong, and when inflicted on such a stern and feeling woman as she, it could not be atoned for easily. The agony of grief swept like a storm over her, prostrating her, but

when that passed away she arose with a soul in which was but one purpose, to avenge *his* death and save France from the monster who caused it.

If politics had turned her brain, what will enraged love not do, adding its magazine of combustible fuel to the fire already kindled? From that time we have reason to suppose Charlotte meditated on the deed, and the means to accomplish it, until she became a monomaniac. Time rolled on and brought to light newer and baser deeds of the Revolutionists. Robespierre was gradually reaching after the scepter, Marat was howling for blood like a hungry tiger, and the people, maddened by hunger and despair, were daily perpetrating deeds too shocking to defile the pages of history. All these but fanned into a fiercer heat the passion for vengeance, which reigned in the young enthusiast's breast. It is not at all improbable that the wrongs committed by Marat had so wrought on her mind, that she at last made her own injury an object secondary to those inflicted on her unhappy country. She did not hesitate to attend public meetings when the condition of France was discussed by the citizens of Caen, who sided with the Girondists against the Jacobins. Petion, Barbaroux, Louvet and Buzot, fled to Caen, and she nursed her passion to slay Marat by listening to their glowing descriptions of the incarnate fiend, who had already made Paris and France weep blood. It was on one of these occasions, when she was waiting for an audience with Barbaroux, that Petion, uncouth as a bear, made an insinuation highly offensive to her modesty. She restrained her anger, and simply replied, "Citizen Petion, you judge me to day, without knowing me, one day you will know who I am!" And she amply verified her words.

Her resolution was taken, and from these deputies she obtained letters to certain individuals in Paris. As yet she had not revealed her intention to a single person, and we have not the slightest reason to suppose she ever breathed it to any one, until the deed was done. What iron heroism it must have required in that beautiful girl to lock an intention so bathed in the blood of murder in her own bosom. To speak it to any one might frustrate it, and that must not be. She carried her resolution, unspoken, and not dreamed of, to the bath of Marat, and its first announcement was in the shriek of the wretch for help, as she drove the dagger home to his heart.

It is recorded in history, that about the time she was maturing her plans to go to Paris, her aunt found her weeping and asked her the cause, "My dear aunt," she replied, "I vent my grief over the wrongs of France, of my relatives and over your wrongs. As long as Marat lives, life is not sure a day to any one!" What wonder was it that she should, with such a desperate resolve working in her heart, ponder frequently over the history of Judith, as foreshadowing her own future history! "Judith went forth from the city, adorned with a marvellous beauty which the Lord had bestowed on her to deliver Israel!" The modern Judith had underscored those very words. And what wonder was it, that she, so keenly alive to the situation of her beloved France, should so

sharply rebuke some Frenchmen carelessly playing cards! "You play and the country is dying!" It was only a short time before she left Caen for ever that she uttered those words.

No one fact in her history more clearly indicates the intolerable sufferings and anticipations of many of her countrymen, than the ready assent which her father gave to her request that she might be permitted to find an asylum in England. She carefully veiled her real destination under this specious pretext, and on the 7th of July, 1793, she visited her father's house for the last time.— Her emotions gave way as she embraced her father and sister, for she felt sure that her hazardous enterprise would end fatally to herself. If she were deranged, there is a self-devotion about her acts which is sublime. Her heart was filled with tenderness for those at home, and yet she did not shrink to part with them for ever, in order to accomplish a murder which she believed justifiable, and not only so, but a vengeance which she knew to be just. Let her but kill Marat, for the rest she cared not a straw. She resembled Samson bending his strength at the pillars of the Philistine temple

"————— Inevitable cause  
At once both to destroy and be destroyed."

With this resolution, kindled into a fanaticism no less unyielding even than Marat's, she still was mindful of those affectionate ties which united her to her relatives. To them she was all tenderness during her last hours with them, and even her early companions were not forgotten. Her last tear was shed over the child of a poor laborer who resided in her aunt's house, and on the 9th of July she took her seat in the coach for Paris.

The struggle was over, and her resolution being so settled that she had not the misgivings of one who still vacillates, she accomplished the journey, yielding often to the pleasantries of her companions. Not one of them knew her, and in spite of the great curiosity to learn something of so gifted and beautiful a stranger, she kept her own secret. As they rode along she entertained a little girl, by playing with her, perhaps not so much because she strove to keep off disagreeable thoughts, as because the mind, stretched to its utmost exertion by the farewell scenes with her friends, naturally went to another extreme. Unknown, beautiful, and alone, she was exposed to insinuations and advances, equally shocking to her virtuous heart, and yet always silenced both by the dignity and modesty of her entire demeanor. The monotony of a long ride is said to have been chequered with romance. One young man was smitten with her beauty, and the propriety of her manners, and though he knew nothing of her, not even her name, he offered her his hand, and besought the privilege of asking her hand of her guardians, whoever they might be. This seems to have excited her mirth not a little, but she concluded the matter at length by promising to give him an answer at another time. And thus this strange young woman rode on to her fate, the object of romantic attachment "at first sight," amusing infancy with her attentions, and at last proving to all her companions that she was one

of the most charming women they had ever met. What a mysterious thing is the human heart, which could thus cherish, like life, such a bloody purpose, and hasten eagerly on to fulfill it, and yet radiate all around itself the most cheerful sunshine of friendship and love! Strange woman, we cannot but admire thee, much as we abominate thy vengeful mission, albeit it was to destroy the foulest creature that ever called himself a man!

The mystery of her character deepens the farther she proceeds. About noon, two days after leaving Caen, she entered Paris, so soon to become the theatre of a tragedy, altogether unlike any recorded in history, unless we except that in which Judith was principal actor. She retired to rest early in the evening and slept calmly, for all that appears, until next morning. The letter of introduction, on which she most relied, was one to Dupervet, a deputy of the Girondist party. It was to him a fatal letter, and the splendid woman who presented it, having hatred to but one being, no doubt would have suffered death rather than knowingly implicate an innocent man by such an inconsiderate act. She could not see the deputy until six o'clock in the evening, at which time she called at his house and asked him to introduce her to one of the ministers. It is supposed she wished this to obtain covertly more correct information to guide her in the plan before her. And then the danger of Dupervet flashed over her mind for the first time, and she urged him to fly to Caen. He refused, and she, in tones all tremulous with anxiety, replied, "Believe me, citizen Dupervet; fly, fly, before to-morrow night!" Instantly she left him as a prophet having delivered his message might be supposed to do, without waiting an answer. And then she slept another night.

Without detailing the hindrances she met in having an interview with Garat, the minister, let us follow her on her eventful business. The next morning she sought a cutler's shop. What a sight that must have been, a beautiful woman coolly examining the various styles of poignards, dirks and knives, that she might select a choice and certain instrument of death. The cutler must have stood astonished, and perhaps concluded she was sent by some brother or lover to do what might be in him a suspicious deed. At last she chose a knife with a long keen blade fixed in a handle of ebony, and, having paid for it, she returned to her room to determine when and how she should accomplish her purpose. She moves calmly as a Fate, and resolute as a decree, and not one soul in all Paris knows or suspects the fatal thought which is impelling this comparatively feeble instrument forward. At one time she wished to strike the greedy of blood in the convention surrounded by the Jacobins, and at another she had almost resolved to wait to the magnificent fete, soon to take place in the Champ-de-Mars, in order to immolate her victim in the presence of the confederates from all parts of France. These she abandoned as too likely to fail, and now she turned her eyes to the very den of the tiger himself. He must be slain somewhere. It were grander to do it before all France, but if that might not be, then slay when and where opportunity offers. Such was her determination.

At this time Marat was writing and publishing the most outrageous appeals to the rabble, with the most incredible rapidity and volume. Not a day passed without some foul libel, or fouler call for blood, being vomited from that den. He had become the idol of the people, and probably no man in France, not excepting Robespierre, at that exerted such an influence as the self-styled "friend of man." All trembled before him, and none knew how soon this fiend might hiss his bloodhounds on himself. Marat's *silence* would have brought him millions had he put it in the market, or equally profitable would his purchase, by any particular party, have been. He had unbounded power, and, in market, the price of that power would have been the fortune of a prince. And yet he was poor, having barely enough to publish the bitter effusions of his fiery heart. While other demagogues were revelling in wealth, he ate the scanty bread of poverty, and whilst they were living in princely palaces, he was to be found occupying the first floor of a miserable old house.—Everything was got up in the scantiest style. The furniture was mean, the apartments were small and badly lighted, and nothing indicated the character and power of the occupant, save the piles of publications strewn about the rooms. A hag of a woman presided over this uncomfortable place, and gave the finishing touch of wretchedness to the abode of Marat. As for him, his passions pouring like molten fire through him, were consuming him. It was already a fierce wrestle for life, and a few months more would probably have terminated the conflict, without the interference of Charlotte's ebony hafted knife. Such was the abode and such the man, so soon to be visited by the death angel in form like "an angel of light." Let us now return to Charlotte and follow her to the consummation of her idea.

It was on the evening of the 12th of July, 1793. Twice had she been at Marat's door, and twice had the portress repulsed her. The same evening she thus wrote to Marat: "Citizen, I have just come from Caen. Your love for your country no doubt makes you desirous of being informed of the unhappy transactions in that part of the republic. Grant me an interview for a moment. I have important discoveries to make to you." Such was her ambiguous missile. Again she slept, and the next day repaired to Marat's house. She was attired in the most elegant yet simple manner.—"Her white gown was covered over the shoulders with a silk scarf, which, falling over her bosom, fastened behind. Her hair was confined by a Normandy cap, the long lace of which played against her cheeks. A wide green silk ribbon was bound round her brows and fastened her cap. Her hair fell loose down her back." Fair apparition that as ever had stood at the door of so foul an abode.

Marat's portress again refused to admit her, but Charlotte now pushed by her and ascended the steps of the house, where she was met with a storm of imprecations from his mistress. Marat was in his bath, across which lay a board on which he continued his writing. Hearing the altercation, Marat inferred her to be the person who had written to him, and instantly ordered her to be

admitted. The ugliest being in all the world could scarce believe his senses, as he saw so fair a being standing majestically before him. Did the world ever before see such a contrast? Certain not since Ithuriel and his companions searched Eden for the intruder from hell;

"——— him there they found  
Squat like a toad close at the ear of Eve."

Deformity was there confronted by beauty, filthiness by elegant neatness, and blood thirstiness by one who desired only the blood of the brutish creature before her. She desired to be alone with him, and at his command his companion unwillingly withdrew. She was now interrogated as to her business, and with the utmost coolness she detailed passing events at Caen, what the Girondists were doing to thwart the Jacobins and take vengeance on them. She even gave their names, all of which the "friend of the people" rapidly committed to paper. Those names were the deputies of the Gironde, whom she supposed out of his power, and therefore she did not scruple to name them in order to secure one moment to strike her victim. It must have required a resolution like iron for her to stand there so long, hearing such words from the very man who had caused her lover's death, and whose eyes seemed now protruding with a horrible joy from their sockets as she named some of her own friends to him, and he exclaimed, with a tiger-like glee, "Very well, they shall all go to the guillotine before they are a week older!"

The moment marked out in his destiny had come. The pent up feelings of Charlotte could be restrained no more. They broke bounds like waters long accumulating, and as his bloody words came to her ear she replied with frightful emphasis "*to the guillotine*." Already her eye had marked the spot, and her hand, snatching the concealed knife, had plunged it into his heart.—With one cry of agony, "Help me, my friend," he expired. Before the attendant could reach him he was dead, and his blood, mingling with the water, made it seem a bath of blood, so that he who loved blood so well living, was found immersed in it dead. The enraged attendant struck Charlotte down with a chair, and the shrieking mistress trampled on her, while, in a twinkling, a crowd rushed to the spot. Shrieks of rage and grief rent the air, and the cause of it expected every moment to be torn in pieces by the mob.—The officers and soldiers prevented this, thinking she must have accomplices, whom they must find out by her. In all this confusion and rage directed at her, Charlotte "was only affected by the piercing cries of Marat's mistress." Mortal man perhaps never gazed on a stranger scene than that. A queenly woman, dressed elegantly, and standing there, composed as an angel of innocence, while a fanatic follower of the murdered man brandished the bloody knife as though he would drive it into her heart. And there lay the body of Marat bathed in blood, and more hideous for that reason now that life was fled than it was when living. And to judge from the flowing tears, the piercing cries, the gathering populace hurrying thither as if to snatch from Providence

itself proof that a great calamity had not fallen on them, these things all proved that even Marat had not perished without a friend!

Charlotte was now conducted to prison. All Paris was convulsed with grief, at least such was the outward appearance, for not to mourn would be to excite suspicion, although multitudes rejoiced in secret that Marat was dead. The hall of the convention rang with eloquent eulogies on the virtues of Marat. Every corner of the street had its crowd of populace listening in mournful silence to the praises of Marat. All acted as if a great calamity had indeed fallen on them. As for the principal cause of this grief, she remained calm as a statue, and to the many and gross insults heaped on her, she had no unkind return. The bitterness of her heart had expended itself in that one drive into the heart of the plebian tyrant.—The deed she acknowledged and by her open confession precluded all defence. Once alone she yielded to fear. As the officers conducted her from Marat's house, the enraged rabble closed around the hackney coach, like storm-tost waves, greedy to swallow her up. Then she fainted, but soon recovered, and from that time seemed above all fear.

The revolutionary tribunal was surprised to see the criminal, but forthwith proceeded to try her. An advocate was assigned her, who was obliged to cease attempts to save his client because she both avowed and gloried in the deed. "These formalities are unnecessary," she said, calmly, "I killed Marat." "What tempted you to commit the murder?" "His own crimes." "What do you mean by his crimes?" "The misfortunes which he has inflicted on France since the Revolution, and which he was preparing to increase." "Mention the associates who urged you to commit this monstrous crime." "I have no associates. The idea and its execution are mine alone. I deceived my aunt and father concerning my journey, and admitted no one into my confidence." "Do you recognize this knife?" said the judges, showing her the instrument she had used to accomplish the murder. "Yes, it is mine." "Where did you procure it?" And she told them, and to more questions of the same kind she gave similar answers. "But what did you expect to accomplish by the death of Marat?" inquired the judges. "To put an end to the misrule of France. I have killed one to save a hundred thousand; I have destroyed a wretch to save the innocent, a monster to give my country rest. Before the Revolution I was a republican, and I have never failed in courage to do my duty." Lamartine adds to this singular inquisition these questions and answers: "Did you not attempt to escape after the murder?" "I should have gone out at the door had I not been prevented." "Are you a single woman?" "Yes." "Have you never had a lover?" "Never." The last reply may seem to conflict with a fact recorded in the previous part of the article, but is easily explained. French morality in that day associated criminal ideas with the term "lover," and such Charlotte Corday had never had. Throughout her journey insulted by the advances of strangers, and during her examination by the tribunal, when Chabot, seeing a

paper in her bosom, reached out his hand to get it, which action she mistook for an indecent familiarity, she manifested a virtue which shrunk in horror from any thought or action which might compromise her character. And a late historian says that, mistaking the intention of Chabot, she sprang suddenly back, and the fastening of her dress unloosed, exposing her greatly. She bent nearly double to hide herself from the public gaze, and entreated them to untie her hands that she might arrange her dress. This was granted, and she turned herself to the wall for that purpose.—Many wept as they listened to her heroic replies and saw her affecting conduct.

The paper alluded to is still in existence, and is a spirited address to the people exhorting them to free themselves from the tyrants. Its closing words were, "If I do not succeed in my enterprise, Frenchmen, I have shown you the way.—You know your enemies. Arise—march! strike them!"

Of course she was condemned. A more notable trial did not appear during that age of heroic trials, not excepting even those of Madame Roland and Queen Marie Antoinette. While the deed which brought her there was unwomanly and in plain terms was murder, yet if such a deed could ever be palliated, this was the case. And then her magnanimity, her modesty, her genius, her courage, all combining to make her heroism splendid, excite pity and admiration in spite of the blood she shed.

She received the sentence of death with joy.—That night she was confined in a cell under the care of two armed soldiers. During her trial, a

young artist, Adam Lux, conceived a passionate attachment for her, and so associated himself with her crime by publishing "an apology of Charlotte Corday," after her death, as soon to be sent to the scaffold. In the prison a priest was sent to aid her in preparing for death, but she declined his offices by saying, "I need not your ministry. The blood I have spilt, and my own, which I am about to shed, are the only sacrifices I can offer the Eternal!" When the red garment, worn by criminals to the scaffold, was brought, and the officer cut off her hair, she said, tremulously, "This is the toilette of death, made by rough hands, but it leads to immortality!"

On the way to the scaffold base women displayed their brutality, to which she showed no anger, but rather pity. Without a fear she mounted the scaffold, and the knife of the guillotine almost ended the scene, but not quite, for one of the attendants seized her head, and, holding it up, smote it on the cheek. And some fancied they perceived the crimson of indignation mount her cheek at the gratuitous insult.

Such was Charlotte Corday in her life, her patriotism, her bloody resolution, and her death.—We will not apologize for her deed, but we will pity her infatuation, and, while we pity, call it heroic. Her crime was that of the age, when religious obligation was badly conceived, and fitted all loosely, when oppression and blood served to kindle the fires of vengeance, and when all things conspired to drive enthusiasm into a blind fanaticism which could dare any danger, even death, to accomplish a darling purpose.

## ALL, ALL ARE GONE.

BY J. E. S.

WHERE are the forms that clung around—  
The hearts that beat with ours,  
When childhood's laughing spirit found  
Too slow the passing hours—  
Who roamed with us—a merry band—  
When gentle-footed Spring  
Shook flowers from her lavish hand,  
And perfume from her wing?  
All, all are gone.

Oh, no! not all; some linger yet,  
Those olden haunts among;  
But when I view them I forget  
Together we were young.  
The dancing tread—the laughing eye,  
That shone upon us then—  
The merry shout that echoed by—  
The wish that we were men—  
All, all are gone.

We have grown old since then, my friends,  
Our brows are wrinkled o'er;  
But mem'ry still her magic lends,  
Reviving thoughts of yore.  
Whene'er that joyous time I ken,  
My heart beats wild and high,  
'Till other thoughts creep in, and then  
A tear stands in my eye.  
For those who're gone.

We that are left—O let us hold  
Their mem'ry round us yet,  
And never, though we have grown old,  
Our early friends forget.  
And as we one by one go down,  
Let those remaining still,  
Whene'er the goblet passes round,  
Unto their memory fill,  
Till all are gone.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MONOMANIAC;  
OR THE  
VERITABLE HISTORY AND SURPRISING ADVENTURES OF JAMES TODDLEBAR.

COMPRISING THE WHOLE OF HIS EXTENSIVE CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE LITERATI OF THE NEW AND OLD WORLD, WITH REMARKS UPON AUTOGRAPHICAL DECIMATION OF PERSONAL CHARACTER.  
FROM ORIGINAL MSS. NOW IN THE POSSESSION OF THE TODDLEBAR FAMILY.

EDITED BY JOE BOTTOM, ESQ.

CHAPTER IX.

THE hour of departure at length arrived when my revenge was to be consummated,—and the journey was sweetened in its anticipation. Such is the nature of poor humanity. It was a long way, and the fires within my bosom, that had been long smothered, again re-kindled to light the torch, illuminating the irreparable injuries which had been inflicted upon me. I wept, but the tears had no power to wipe away the hidden grief! To chase away the dark cloud that obscured my moral and mental atmosphere was not within the province of man. Blindly as the mole *burrows* in the furrows of the soft earth, or the bat flits around the ruins of the temple, instinctively, with but one impulse, I followed its bent to the dire consummation of its end.

\* \* \* \* \*

My journey was finished. It was night, and the hour was twelve o'clock, and my victim was in the arms of sleep, perhaps dreaming of long life and future joys. I gazed upon his bosom as it lay heaving between the folds of the curtains, and the respiration seemed too calm for one of blood, and I looked upon his brow, by the dim light of the dark lantern which I carried, and there was nothing there to tell me that conscience was at work with the strange misdeeds of a misspent life. A small sabre was in my hand—it had been the gift of my father, and the first use that was now to be made of it, was in drinking the blood of a fellow creature. It was a fearful moment! Had I but for one moment parleyed with the consequences, the deed had not been done,—and the young, the rich, and the gifted Leneau might have lived for repentance; and I would not have been a murderer. My hand was raised above his bosom, and the dagger gleamed as I grasped it convulsively, and as it descended and pierced the tender chords that entwined his heart, one long and fearful shriek was heard, and again all was still.

\* \* \* \* \*

Stealthily as the thief invades the sanctuary of God's house, to steal the golden chalices from the altar, I left the haunted room, never more again to re-visit the dreadful spot. As memory was busy at work, my way was along the dark avenue that led from his princely mansion, shaded on either side by large live-oaks, whose branches had so interlaced themselves as to curtain the air above with the deep foliage of its dark green leaves.—Remorse was not in my heart, for I had only revenged an injured maiden. There is a fearful retribution on him who re-visits with his sins and

taints with his iniquities the pure and spotless heart of a brother. He may escape the scorn of a virtuous community, and the arrows of a guilty conscience, but an offended Deity, as he sits enthroned in the great omnipotence of his anger, will as surely bring him to judgment as that he reigns above. There is no escaping from his wrath. As of old he smote the Edomites, the scathing vengeance of his almighty power will crush into nothing the feeble arm of him who teaches a brother the way of transgression. How much more guilty then is he, who, in his power, teaches the young heart of the maiden, just dawning in her maidenhood, the way of sin—and with his charming voice fascinates the passions with the vitality of its burning but hitherto dormant faculties. It is to such that man should be generous, for her feeble and fragile nature is so confiding and so yielding that ere she can think of harm, she falls never to rise again. For a wrong committed against a woman, even in thought, there is no vengeance too heavy for the culprit.—Believing in such principles as these, and actuated by no ulterior motives, I committed a deed that was to brand me as a murderer. Surely there is no power above that will hold me guilty for redressing the wrongs of injured woman? Heaven will not do it—man cannot!

\* \* \* \* \*

I was in the gay City of Charleston—and breathed the moral atmosphere of its intelligent and hospitable people. Memory had forgotten the past, and, among the heart's recollections, nothing was pregnant in it but the delightful scenes around it. On either side as I turned, the joyous face of youth met my gaze, and the delicious odors of flowers, in every breeze, wafted their perfumes to fan my cheek. I was not alone, for there was one eye that gazed tenderly into mine, and there was one heart that beat responsive to mine. I could hear the footfalls of the busy multitude tapping on the pavement below, but what were all these bustling scenes to me, their joyous hallucinations, when within my presence, as a soft rose-bud bursting into life, stood the beautiful and surpassing lovely Sulma Wiloughby. It was by the merest accident that I had met her. She had been spending the season in the city, with one of her relations, and were on the eve of leaving it, when, as good fortune would it, I went to the theatre, and almost the first person I discovered was the very one I most desired to see. During the whole of the performance she did not seem to notice me, which so *piqued* my pride, that I had determined not to approach her, or in any way to direct her attention to where

I was sitting. This resolution for some time I kept, but on the breaking up of the performance, and seeing her take her father's arm to leave the house, I no longer had the firmness to withstand the temptation of speaking to her. Pushing my way through the crowd, I reached the door of the theatre just in time to make myself known to her, as she was getting in her carriage to leave for her home. She received me kindly, as her father did cordially. She invited me to call and see her at her residence on Archdale street, the ensuing day, which I did not fail to do. She informed me that in two days more she would leave the city for her home in Alabama. Since I had last seen her, if any changes had taken place in her looks, they were all for the better. I was at once so deeply captivated with her charms, and so pleased with her intelligence, that every thing else, as the rainbow stript of its radiance, faded in my view. All others were forgotten in her presence, or were only remembered as some shadow that had momentarily started me in the dusky eve. I loved her because she was beautiful—and a memory reached my heart, that a long time ago, in my sickness, she had administered to my afflictions—and for this I worshipped her.

She reminded me of the promise I had made to visit her at her own home at a period that had long passed, but in doing it, she did not upbraid me for my delinquency. With some poor excuses for not fulfilling the promise then made, I obtained her forgiveness. It was indeed more than I deserved, yet, when was woman in her native simplicity, ere art had intervened to stifle the generous impulses of her soul, even less than an angel? My own heart upbraided me, but she did not. She was too pure to believe man was false, and too honest to believe that he would deceive. Never in her life having an occasion for any duplicity, she had not learned, through any stern lessons from the world, the art of deception.

During the two days which she remained in the city, I was almost constantly by her side, proffering, in my own way, those little attentions which made up, in the aggregate, the sum total of individual happiness. Old promises were renewed, and new vows made. The moments as they flew were full of happiness, and every thing seemed radiant with joy and happiness. It seemed to me that I had something now to live for—and that the future had in store many golden hours. The hours, as they pressed their swift-fledged wings on the arch of time, as the span of the rainbow from the waters to the earth, promised now a glorious to-morrow. I was not now the creature of some strange destiny, on the shores of time, tossed by the tempestuous billows, without a will to avert some unknown danger that threatened to engulf me in its bosom. Strange as it may seem, a few short hours had wiped the blood from my hands, and chased the hidden sorrow from my heart.

The day at length arrived on which she was to leave the city. I repaired early to her house and found her bathed in tears. I know not how it was, but I soon found myself shedding tears in great profusion, the first that I had shed for

years. Such is the power of sympathy. Our interview was short but sweet.

When she was gone I repaired to my room, and did not leave it once for two whole days. My grief was poignant and I believe real, but, like every thing of the kind, new scenes and other associations soon wiped it away. My purposes were never fixed in their nature—nor have I at any time been able to direct my future conduct so that it would be consistent with its own design. In two months I promised to be with her at her own house, and, verily, I was sincere in the promise, but, oh! the sequel will show whether or not I was faithful in keeping the engagement. My purposes have always been honest, but strange to say, and deeply to my own mortification, in very few instances, have they ever been fulfilled. This disorder is a constitutional one, and it was ever a useless task in me to undertake its correction.

I determined to make the City of Charleston my future home, and never again to re-visit the deep solitudes of that western wilderness where I had so long dwelt. In this resolution I was upheld by the association of so kindly friends, whose generous dispositions had entwined the sweets of their nature around my own bosom. It is a pleasant thing to have the disinterested and noble friendship of a generous and magnanimous heart. It was the wish also (which was another strong and, perhaps, most potent reason for my living in the city) of the dear woman to whom I had pledged my love that we should live in Charleston. Among the hospitable people of the place I had found a ready welcome, and in their intelligence and virtue I had found a pleasure not easily obliterated. These were some of the considerations that induced me to remain. There were others, also, and among them I will mention that it was the place of my birth. There stood the noble Ashley as it washed the southern base of the city, and on the other side the majestic Cooper laved its northern base—two noble rivers, on whose bosom my tiny barque had often floated in my boyhood days. Memory in her association had hallowed the spot—for the ashes of many of my kindred lay entombed in her earth.

It was not long after my arrival in Charleston before I received the following letter from Miss Todhunter, of Philadelphia:

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. ———.

DEAR SIR,—I cannot resist the inclination to write you once more; as it will in all probability be the last time, I hope it will meet at least a reply.

I have a desire to know *why*, when you were in our city, you did not visit me. To me it is unaccountable. That one professing as a great wish to see another, as you have ever expressed to behold me, it is very strange that you should come where I were and never even call.

A year ago, and what wishes, what desires you were expressing to behold me—for even a moment! And though I did not feel that I was situated pleasantly enough to grant a wish, to which my own heart so loudly responded, I did not believe it could be possible that, when there

did a time arrive, in which I felt I could behold you, you would turn around careless and forgetful that such a being as myself existed.

I heard a month ago that you had again returned to your home. I wrote you, telling you that I would send you my miniature—a favor you once asked with much apparent sincerity—and I did not know but you might have some little curiosity to behold the miniature of one to whom you once so blindly bowed—at whose shrine you once so madly worshipped—but to even that you would not reply. It is a privilege you have to be silent, do not think I am questioning that privilege—far from it.

How little did I think when I first traced a line for thy eye, that the time would ever come when that eye would turn coldly from the sheet this hand had sent thee; or that my miniature would not even be accepted. But the offer to send you my miniature was one of pure disinterestedness. To me the act would bring no particular gratification—but I thought you might have still a lingering wish to gaze upon the miniature of one whom you had loved without seeing, and one too, whom, you will allow me to add, you have wronged without justice.

Though my name may be forgotten, or remembered with unkindness, yet do not think I would wish to awaken the one, or reprove the other—no, I would not do either. For the kind words which you once spoke, I will try and forgive the unkind ones.

When, in the evening of life, you shall read the names that affection once traced upon the tablet of thy heart, sorry indeed would I be to know that memory found a single name to dim the bright picture that love once sketched—and deep would be my regret, could I believe that name would be my own. I have no more to say than farewell.

TODHUNTER.

Very deeply did I regret the pain I had unconsciously caused Miss Todhunter—and I promised myself that I would not again trifle with the affections of any one—but, oh! how uncertain are our resolutions, when made even in the best of faith.

## CHAPTER X.

THE subject of autography became now a painful one to me. Indeed it was a passion with me—one that I could not overcome, or in any way avoid. My whole soul became so completely absorbed in it, that it dwelt alone on the subject. Even woman, that beautiful one with whom I had just parted, even she became an object of indifference to me, compared to the other. By day, my mind dwelt upon nothing else, and throughout the night it became food for dreams. Every mail that arrived—and to each arrival I looked with a most intense anxiety—brought me letters of momentous interest—at least they seemed such to me on their arrival.

The following letter from J. K. Tefft, Esq., of Savannah, Georgia, proves that others beside my-

self had become infected with the disease called the *Autograph*. This gentleman is Secretary of the Georgia Historical Society—and has done more in aid of the institution than any other individual in the State. It is said he has the largest collection of autographs in the United States:

SAVANNAH, GA., 4th Sept. 1843.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have had the pleasure to receive your very kind letter of the 18th ult., and for which I cordially thank you.

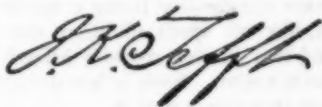
The autographs you so generously offer to contribute to my collection of original papers, will be thankfully received and gratefully appreciated.

Your own familiar correspondence for many years with many of the eminent literary men of both hemispheres, must have crowded your files with many communications, which, though perhaps of no special value to yourself to preserve, would be highly valuable in my collection. Any letters or notes, therefore, from the pens of individuals who have been distinguished in the civic, military, literary, or religious history of the world, which you may be enabled and pleased to spare me, will be highly acceptable. In return, if you desire it, I will send you autographs of revolutionary officers, &c.

I am indebted to our excellent friend Dr. Simms, for your note to him of the 26th June, in which you speak of sonnets inscribed with his name, and which you designed for the *Magnolia*. That periodical having been discontinued, the sonnets may not have been published—can you spare me a copy from the original?

I send for your perusal some notices of my collection, and remain, dear sir, with great regard,

Very truly yours,



The letter below, from Mr. Cist, of Cincinnati, shows also that he had become, to use a provincialism, a little *cracked* on the subject of Autography. As a statistical reporter, this individual has done signal service to the people of his own city—and withal, he is in the possession of much curious knowledge, which if he ever gives to the public will be treasured, as they do things that are very curious, without being very useful. He is also a poet of some celebrity, having had a volume of his poems published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia. He is now engaged in the newspaper trade, being editor of a weekly paper in the Queen City of the West:

CINCINNATI, June 30, 1848.

MY DEAR SIR,—Though in the greatest haste, I can no longer delay to acknowledge the receipt by me some time since of your esteemed favor of the 26th ult., and to thank you for the same.

I thank you for your offer of a letter of W. G. Simms, but as I have one already of his, I will not trouble you for it. As you suggest a want of knowledge of the relatives of some of your public men now deceased, whose autographs I wish to

procure, I venture the liberty of giving you annexed to this the names and address of two or three such, thinking it may be barely possible that you know one or perchance more of them. Any favors of that kind you may at any time be able to procure me, will always be thankfully acknowledged, and you must do me the kindness to point out some mode by which I may be enabled in return to show my appreciation of the courtesy.

I have ever been a warm admirer of the genius and writings of Mr. Poe, and shall hail with pleasure his return to the editorial tripod. I would I could aid him in his projected enterprise, but

such is at this time the stagnation of business here, and the real dearth of money, that I fear few if any subscribers could be obtained in our city at present. If he, however, will send his prospectus to Mr. C. W. James, or any other periodical agent here, and desire him to acquaint me with the fact, I will with pleasure call the attention of our public to it, through the medium of our papers here, both editorially and by communication.

Thanking you for the friendly tenor of your communications, believe me to be, my dear sir,

Yours, very truly,

*Lewis J. Cist*

The letter which I insert below is from Grace Greenwood, a celebrated poetess, which a few years ago arose like a star in the East, to eclipse with its splendor the radiance of all others that had gone before her. Her rays, however have been too erratic to scintillate steadily—and what has given so much of promise in the beginning, of superior excellence in its wayward course, will be devoid of light at its end. She has powers of mind in a very extraordinary degree—and they are full ripe now, although she is but nineteen years of age—but being a spoilt child of the public, like all spoilt children, she will become less and less in the world's affections, as the years grow apace. Such is her destiny, and there is no fate that can arrest it.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—I must beg leave to dissent from Mr. Toddlebar's opinion of this illustrious lady. There is certainly no evidence as yet in her writings of *waning powers*, but on the contrary the best of proof, to those familiar with her effusions, that she is daily improving in comprehensiveness of outline, and in vigor of thought. The capriciousness of the public may cast her aside for a new favorite, but the sterling merits of her works will long remain as the genuine offsprings of genius.)

NEW BRIGHTON, Oct. 25th, 1845.

MR. JAS. TODDLEBAR,—Well sir, you see that I have not taken such serious offence at the little piece of pleasantry you would play off upon me, as to refuse a reply to your letter—a letter somewhat unseasonable, inasmuch as it should have borne date of April 1st.

You doubtless presumed, from the fact that I was a young lady of literary pursuits and reputed genius, that I must be inexperienced, romantic, and, to use a very expressive though somewhat unrefined word, *gullible*. Ah, there you mistook

me—I am, from some rather stern lessons taught me by the world, suspicious, rather than credulous, common place, rather than romantic.

Allow me to compliment you on the ingenuity of your letter. The “impetuosity” and earnestness of a real passion were very well counterfeited. I really believe that I might have given it full credence had I been other than I am in my position and relations. But I well know that man is the “natural enemy” of literary or distinguished women—that we are the last to be loved spontaneously and irresistibly. There was also one other circumstance, which it is not necessary should be mentioned here, slight, very slight in itself, but sufficient to show that you were not in earnest in your expression of regard—that your “declaration” was in short but a practical joke, concocted in your brain—not the true language of your heart.

Let me assure you that I write in the utmost good humor. I find it quite easy to laugh at a joke *intended* to be at my expense, but from which I do not put myself in a position to suffer in the least. Yet as it is not in *my* nature to make a jest of any deep and serious feeling, I do not precisely approve of your attempt to do so. Had your letter been addressed to a woman girlishly confiding, unlearned in the ways of the world and in the ways of man, it might have caused great and lasting unhappiness.

As it is, though it has not answered your purpose, it has done no harm, and certainly has roused no unfriendly feeling toward the writer, whom I regard as at the worst, thoughtless and a little over fond of that sort of a jest which may possibly recoil upon one's self.

Yours in all kindness,

*Grace Greenwood.*

The letter of Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz is in full keeping with her amenity of manners, and her benevolent nature. Everything contained within it, is in full keeping with the public estimation of her character. She is at once as generous as Heaven, and as beautiful as Venus. It is no wonder then that she is such a favorite with her countrymen—and long may she remain the idol of their affections. The chirography of Mrs. Hentz is plain and uniform, evincing in its outline very little of that force of character which is seen in the manuscript of Grace Greenwood. This difference is also seen in their writings, while one blazes as a comet, the other shines with the pure radiance of a star. Her "De Lara," a prize Tragedy, for which Mr. Pelby of Boston allowed her five hundred dollars, was pronounced by Dr. Bird, the author of Calavar, the best tragedy ever written by an American.

(NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The distinctive features of Mrs. Hentz's writings are not so much in their standing out boldly, as in the under current of thought which pervades them. There is also a quiet humor in all her writings, that at once pleases the mind and interests the heart.)

LOCUST DELL. Florence, Ala., Dec. 15th, 1842.

J. TOTTLEBAR, Esq.—There may be those who receive with coldness or indifference the tribute of a stranger's admiration or respect, but I have no ambition to be enrolled in that number. Your name is familiar to my eye, for I have recognised in you a brother worshiper of the Muses, and a fellow laborer in the cause of literature. It is a pleasing reflection, to think that we have power to touch some chords in a stranger's heart, that may respond the music of sympathy and to inspire an interest in those whom we have never met in personal communion. I am not ungrateful for the flattering opinion you are pleased to express. There is no dearer reward for intellectual exertion, than the approbation of kindred minds.

At the commencement of the year we remove to Tuscaloosa, where it will give me pleasure to hear from you again. That you may find the paths of literature, those of happiness honor and distinction, is the prayer of one who trusts that the kind wishes you have breathed for her may return doubled in your own heart.

*Caroline Lee Hentz*

## LINES.

BY LOUISE.

THERE's beauty in death,  
Says the fading leaf,  
When frost has pencilled decay,  
The destroyers breath  
Has shaded the wreath,  
For shortly it passes away.

There's beauty in death,  
Frosty winter cries,  
As burying the earth in snow

He sends forth his breath—  
A requiem sighs—  
Then whistles to valleys below,

There's beauty in death,  
The aged man sighs,  
With piety ripe for the grave,  
On pinions of faith,  
He mounts to the skies,  
Hope bears him o'er Jordan's dark wave.

## DOCTORS DISSECTED.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

## No. III.

FAR better than private teaching is the public schools. Establish for yourself—a little money is the only requisite—a medical college, attached to some literary university. You will find no objection on the part of the Governors or Trustees, for to them comes the graduation fee. Then by advertisements—for a school may advertise to practice surgery gratuitously, though individuals are debarred—in the daily city and country newspapers, puff the school. If some of the breath does not fill your own sails, you must surely want tact. With it establish a *clinique*. If it has no other effect, it will deprive the younger portion of the city practitioners, and all the country ones, of their patients—thus either starving them out, or depriving them of opportunities for improvement and eclat.

Any one can get along with the lectures. Read over a page or two of some work on the subject upon which it is to be founded and then amplify it. Be sure, by your manner, not to let any one imagine that you are ignorant of anything further. If an introductory is to be delivered—there have been plenty delivered and published long ago in London and England. It is not considered improper in the profession to be a body-stealer or resurrectionist!

It is sometimes desirable to have the reputation of a practice among the upper ten thousand, though really having none. This is acquired by spending the summer at some fashionable watering place. The popular belief is that his patients all leave the city during the heat of July and August, and he of course has nothing left to do, and therefore necessarily follows them. The doctor's private logic is, that possibly he may make some new business acquaintance there, for in a strange place one may speak to a person to whom he would not venture to nod in Broadway.

A great deal may be obtained by an adroit use of consultations. Never acknowledge yourself to be ignorant or in doubt, far less, astonished. Some there are, who having great command of feature, are enabled to produce great effect upon the bystanders. On a recent occasion one of these astute individuals proclaimed himself perfectly conversant with a peculiar form of disease, of which but three solitary instances only are recorded. Some always find fault with the previous treatment, and if an opportunity occurs for private conversation with the family, assert that if they had had the care from the commencement no ill-results would have occurred, but now it has run so long that they cannot say how much they can accomplish.

But by far the most fashionable mode at present, is to obtain a reputation for ability in some particular branch of the profession "to which your principal attention has been devoted for many years," being equal to every one else in the general branches of the science, and vastly superior in some particular "speciality," as it is termed. The diseases of the chest, eyes, womb, skin, &c., &c., surgical treatment of club-feet, strabismus,

furnish numerous opportunities for display. If, in addition to this, we can invent a new treatment, such as cauterizing heretofore inaccessible parts of the throat with nitrate of silver, or cure all the diseases of woman with a nameless green ointment, success is sure. It is curious, indeed, to see that almost every patient, if the speciality doctor is to be trusted, has that disease, in the treatment of which he is so peculiarly successful. Sensible women with the vapors, and young girls, with dyspepsia, confiding, virtuous and unsuspecting, are deluded into a belief that they are afflicted with most peculiar diseases, which require the titillating application of the far famed "Long Island green ointment," and hundreds upon hundreds flock from all parts of the country to submit to an unnecessary treatment, the mention of which first shocked them.

But seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
They first endure, then pity, then embrace.

Immorality, glaring and unpardonable, is committed under the aegis of the diploma of Doctor of Medicine, and its practice upheld, sanctioned and rewarded, by divines, christians, mothers, husbands, fathers and brothers! Such wantonness of action cannot be reprobated in too strong terms. Some cures may be performed, we allow, but how many find not only that nothing is, or was, the matter with them, save the consequence of idleness and indolent habits—dyspepsia, ennui and the like—but who find their moral sentiments deadened, lascivious ideas engendered, and the whole tenor of their thoughts rendered wanton and brutish. Diseases requiring such treatment are not unfrequent among elderly women, and the staid matron will rarely be morally affected to the extent I have mentioned; but the young girl of the present day, educated as she is in a species of hot bed, which forces the imagination at the expense of the judgment, who fortunately very rarely is afflicted with diseases of this nature, cannot but be seriously injured in more than one point of view by the indiscriminate treatment of the "green ointment," specialist, and others of this same class.

It is very remarkable, that while New York furnishes the Doctors, New England, and especially Boston, furnishes the gulls. The spectacle venders turned oculist physicians—barbers turned hair-doctors—find their believers solely in the "emporium of learning." May not it be a Knickerbocker trick? thus paying off our Yankee friends the charge due for those nutmegs? However may be the fact, they are too well known here, and their physic don't go down, though we think that it is a good business speculation to fill a dozen large boarding houses in the country with patients—receiving a dollar a day from them and, owning the houses, an exorbitant rent in addition. The Bostonians will have to "acknowledge the corn" this time.

But these are the stratagems of the older practitioners, whose gray hairs are supposed to

have brought wisdom with their silvery hue. But they are not allowed to have a monopoly, the tyro and the neophyte just emerged from the college nursery and still in his swaddling clothes, must also come into the sport and have their pull at the soaped neck of the public gander. As a matter of course their tactics must differ from those before mentioned, not less ingenious perhaps, but more apparent. An old man may hem and haw, look wise and hold his tongue and pass for a profound thinker, though scarce an idea ever traversed his sensorium. The young man must rely upon the impression that he can make by his own tongue, which ever ready, must flippantly descant upon every topic which is brought upon the carpet. The art of turning every subject in a professional course is a great one. One must see analogies where one was never dreamt of before. If he walks in the fields or the forest, and the beauty of the foliage is admired, he can wonder if there be more leaves on a certain tree than in *Velpeau's Surgery*, or *Watson's Theory and Practice*. If his sentimental companion talks of love and marriage, he can doubt whether hearts exist—that in all his numerous dissections, that organ, reputed so necessary to excite such feelings and actions, could never be found. This not only betrays great knowledge of his profession, but proves unequivocally that his heart must be upon it, for “he cannot think of any thing else,” say the grannies. Accordingly as he is educated, does he speak of office study, hospital practice, and European education, upholding and lauding the method he followed, and treating as vastly inferior all other modes.

The young man when he receives an invitation for a future day, always accepts with the proviso, “that if not engaged he will be happy, &c. He really is so pressed.” If he goes to make a visit he is sure to be sent for by some one who “will have nobody else but him, for he cured my daughter when she was gin up by the best doctors in the city.” Not only are his meals and his night's rest interrupted, but the poor fellow can never get to church till the services are half over.

That his neighbors may think him of some years standing, his tin sign must not glisten with the freshness of new paint and gold. It ought therefore to be painted some time before wanted, and left in the back yard nailed on an outbuilding to grow venerable. If this has not been attended to in season, a coat or two of common varnish will give it a dingy appearance quite delightful. A little mud thrown at it judiciously is not amiss. As he hurries through the street he has the appearance of one sent for, his hurried track outstrips almost the march of time. If wealthy parents enable him to keep a horse and wagon, it is constantly on the go. Starting from the office, he drives off at a furious speed for some little distance, and makes a morning call at the house of some blooming damsel. Passers by will recognise his team before the door and will suppose his visit to be a professional one, though it may remain there for hours. Again he returns, and looking on his empty slate hurries off, even faster than before, in an opposite direction. Sure now he is sent for in great haste, but he goes up town

bathing. Sometime since, returning from a trip of pleasure to Greenwood Cemetery, an acquaintance says, ah! doctor, have you patients in Brooklyn? Yes, said he, I've just visited several.

A physician must have a wife, says everybody, and the reasons they give are, if intelligible, quite absurd. Does a wife bring him wisdom? I am not aware that even common sense was necessarily included in the dowry. Or, perhaps, that being accustomed at home to the fretfulness and flurries of one woman, he may be better able to bear with composure the peevish complaints and grumbling humors of his fair patients? Is he necessarily, or probably, a more moral man? Unfortunately for the argument, if not for any other reason, it is a fact, that more immorality is practised by the married than the single men in this city! Not indeed in so open and barefaced a manner that he may be suspected and shunned, but sufficiently to not unfrequently carry the seeds of disease and death to a blooming wife, and to render miserable the days of the unborn. Away then with the silly prattle that a doctor unmarried, is inferior, in any respect, to he who wears the panniers of domestic cares; at least hold your tongue till you can give better reasons.

But see the absurdity of the statement. I presume, in this land where there is said to be no aristocracy; none will pretend to say that a rich physician is superior to a poor one, provided their means of study and acquiring information have been equal. The contrary would appear to be most probable. But as one can afford to be married and the other not—the former has superior talents. The young practitioner is truly in a dilemma—he cannot marry without a practice sufficient to support a wife, and he cannot obtain a practice unless he is married! How shall the poor fellow do? Why, like a very intimate friend of mine own, pass off a sister as his wife. His wife is a curious woman, sometimes tall and sometimes short, according as one or the other of his sisters is engaged. This does excellently well out of his own circle. I beg that none will expose the poor fellow, if any chance to know him.

The world is familiar with the common method of gaining a notoriety. The partizan politician, the devotee, the ultraist in slavery, temperance, or any other current ism, have, now-a-days, their motives suspected. The tricks of being called from church during service, advertising a large reward for a dog never lost, leaving medicine at the wrong house, and such like, are well known to everybody. These are nevertheless even now occasionally practised with success. The son of a clergyman is not unfrequently called from the service in church. On every such occasion his father never fails to stop in the midst of his services, and “pray that the Lord, in his great goodness, would aid the efforts of his son, and soon restore to health the unfortunate sufferer that he has just gone to see.” It might have been the same divine who said, “My son, you must get money. Honestly if you can, but at any rate get money.” “The prayer of the righteous man availeth much.” Some of these people adopt the plan of making a prayer at each bedside that they visit—a species of hypocritical humbug which has been known to

succeed in some cases. It is believed to be practised at the present day by some who, perhaps, "profess better than they practice" both as men and as physicians.

#### No. IV.

THE personal appearance of the physician contributes not a little to his success. In France, where women are frail and immoralities not uncommon, or in Turkey, where eunuchs alone are tolerated, an ugly man is in the most demand. With us an intelligent countenance is the most regarded. An over sized man seems to have mistaken his profession, and a small one seems to belittle it. The respect for the faculty is diminished on seeing him. What a pity it is that small men always feel so smart. The man of pretension, whether he really does possess talent or not, is almost invariably an undersized man. A small white hand is approved, and a decent encouragement of the beard (though Hippocrates and Galen both wore them) are considered evidences of little medical skill. Some pay great attention to the minutiae of the toilet and others as studiously affect a complete disregard of dress. Both these methods succeed among different classes and in different places. There are some who think themselves smart, and who endeavor to show their abilities upon every occasion, remembering the first half of the old adage of "knowing a little of everything, or Jack of all trades," but forgetting the final clause. There is some truth in the following scrap which I recommend to their attention. "Never get a reputation for a small perfection if you are trying for fame in a lottier area; the world can only judge by generals; it sees that those who pay considerable attention to minutiae, seldom have their minds occupied with great things. There are, it is true, exceptions; but to exceptions the world does not attend. Upon the whole it would be wiser even to affect the opposite extreme, and to seem so bent upon business as to have little time for the occupations of the idle."

And, after the successful strife—after the desired practice is attained—what then? The expense of the education, the time spent in attaining it bid fair to be remunerated, but disease and death may come, and principal and interest be alike taken away, and indigence may befall the survivors. But suppose a long life and good health, what is there but constant toil? Not like the merchant whose business in the hands of clerks prospers, and requires but a few hours of daily supervision during certain seasons, while at others, the cool breath of the sea or the green fields of the country woo not in vain his attention; he, like the mill horse, has but one beaten circuit from whence his feet cannot stray, and the care-disturbed thoughts are restrained within the narrow limits of a few sick chambers. Happy is he whose halter ties him where pleasant scenes are ever returning and novelties lie in his path.

And what is the recompense for all this toil and privation, which he bears in a proportion larger than other men? Not ease surely. Is it wealth? Look around among the physicians of a city, you may find many possessing a competence, none a fortune, many who support their families handsomely while living, but dying leave them in in-

digence. Is it gratitude, or respect, or honor? A foreign writer says, "Now that I am talking of doctors, what a strange set they are, and what a singular position they hold in society! Admitted to the fullest confidence of the world, yet by a strange perversion, while they are the depositories of secrets that hold together the whole fabric of society, their influence is neither fully recognised, nor their power acknowledged. The doctor is now what the monk once was, with this additional advantage, that from the nature of his study and the research of his art he reads more deeply in the human heart, and penetrates into its inmost recesses. For him life has little romance; the grosser agency of the body reacting ever on the operations of the mind, destroys many a poetic day-dream and many a high-wrought illusion. To him does a man alone speak *son dernier mot*; while to the lawyer, the leanings of self-respect will make him always impart a favorable view of his case. To the physician he will be candid, and even more than candid. Yes these are the men who, watching the secret workings of human passion, can trace the progress of mankind in virtue and in vice; while ministering to the body, they are exploring the mind, and yet scarcely is the hour of danger past, scarcely the shadow of fear dissipated, when they fall back to their humble position in life, bearing with them but little gratitude, and strange to say, no fear!"

The world expects them to be learned, well-bred, kind, considerate and attentive, patient to their querulousness, and enduring under their caprice; and after all this, the humbug homœopathy, the preposterous absurdity of the water-cure, or the more reprehensible mischief of mesmerism, will find more favor in their sight than the highest order of ability, accompanied by great natural advantages.

Every man—and still more, every woman—imagines himself to be a doctor. The taste for physic, like that for politics, is born with us, and nothing seems easier than to repair the injuries of the constitution, whether of the state or the individual. Who has not seen over and over again, physicians of the first eminence put aside, that the nostrum of some ignorant pretender, or the suggestive, twaddling, old-woman should be, as it is termed, tried. (We saw a few days since a new pill with the biblical quotation affixed to it, "Prove all things.") No one is too stupid, no one too old, no one too ignorant, too obstinate, or too silly, not to be superior to Brodie and Chambers, Crampton and Marsh; and where science, with anxious eye and cautious hand, would scarcely venture to interfere, heroic ignorance would dash boldly forward and cut the Gordian difficulty by snapping the thread of life. How comes it that these old ladies, of either sex, never meddle with the law? Is the game beneath them, when the stake is only property not life? or is there less difficulty in the knowledge of an art, whose principles rest on so many branches of science, than in a study founded on the basis of precedent? Would to heaven, the "Ladies Bountiful" would take to the Court of Sessions and the Tombs, in lieu of the Infirmary and Dispensaries, and make Blackstone their *aid-de-camp*, vice Buchan retired.



### VIEW ON THE UPPER MISSISSIPPI.

THE Mississippi has, of late, acquired new interest from the panoramas of the immense river which have been exhibited both in this country and in Europe, and every part of the great "Father of Rivers" has become classic ground. The Queen of England and her Court, as we learn from the English papers, lately had the privilege of making a voyage down the Mississippi without being at the trouble of stirring from Windsor Castle. Mr. Banvard took his three miles of canvas out to Windsor, and treated her majesty to a sight of the majestic river, which is so fruitful of romantic stories, wild boatmen, steamboat explosions, snags, crevasses, flat boats, alligators, and cotton plantations. But the queen could gather only an indistinct idea of the grandeur, magnificence and solemn beauty of our great river from seeing the panorama, although it no doubt seemed to give her a general feeling of its stupendousness, and the immensity of its ever-rolling flood.

We shall never forget the awe with which the first sight of the Mississippi inspired us, as we entered its muddy waters while yet too far out in the Gulf of Mexico to discover the delta at its mouth. So rapid is the current and so great the

volume of water poured out into the sea that it produces a discoloration of the water long before you can discover the low banks of the river as you enter the river.

"There is the Mississippi!" exclaimed the captain of the ship in which we made our first entrance into this wondrous stream.

"Where?" we asked, in astonishment, and looking in the direction of the captain's outstretched hand we perceived the yellow waters of the great river mingling with the blue waves of the Atlantic.

The above sketch was made by one of the artists employed in making drawings for "Smith's Panorama of the Mississippi," and it gives a very accurate representation of the stream during a freshet, at a point some distance above steamboat navigation. The snags, which thrust their black looking heads out of the water, are those dangerous objects which, when carried down by the force of the current into deeper parts of the river, are so much dreaded by navigators, and so often cause the destruction of life and property, so that the word snag has become, in the American vocabulary, a synonym for everything that is obstinate and difficult to be avoided.

## FRANCE UNDER HER FIRST REPUBLIC.

BY JAMES CARRUTHERS.

THE phases which the new formed Republic of France—a Republic begun in alarm, founded on terror, and subjected, notwithstanding glorious promises, to a rule as arbitrary and ignoble as that which it cast off, has assumed and is assuming, enable us to institute between it and the Republic, styled the First, a ready and progressively instructive comparison.

Then, as now, the day of wonder soon passed by, yet followed by motions so untrue to any previous calculation, that philosophy shrank from noting more than their supposed extent and certain tendencies. With discernment of the powers striving to sap or to amalgamate, to save or to transform all that now to France is valuable, all that to her is worthless, in their purposes or conspiracies, their demerits or necessities, interest would not so have departed with our wonder. Myriads of minds are at this moment interfering in her fate. The crowd, though it never more guide, may so obstruct as to force on a disastrously circuitous route that stream which else would minister its privileges at every door.

Neither did the most extreme contrarieties in her political state or social condition fail. No nation had been so remarkable as the French for loyalty; now respect to monarchical government was either wholly suppressed, or so diminished as never since to have been formidable to the successors of revolutionary government. The constitution of France from this time has been undefinable and itself kept together by individual address or shifting influences.

Every evening the gardens of the Tuilleries, which had been improved by fountains, sculpture, and clusters of orange trees, were filled by myriads of the Parisians seeking enjoyment in forgetfulness of care and communion of thought. On them was the gaze of a man whose features, illumined with warm vivacity of expression, were indicative of superior mental energy. While he gazed he toiled. He would open up new paths of glory to all Frenchmen indiscriminately! He saw how they could be beguiled, and forget the soul's sufferings in outward glitter. He would change admiration into worship, and of all nations, as well as of his own, be first.

We will here quote the words that Mercier wrote at this time, intended to mark the distinguishing traits of either, and indicating as well the *spirit* in which the watcher was regarded.—“Serious as Cato; from him the French will learn to be sedate, to respect their magistrates, to despise that light, airy behavior for which they have been characterised. Since they respect him, both as a wise man and a warrior, let them imitate his reserve and demeanor, let them assume his simple and sober dignity. Fewer words will evince more affection and less nobility of feature, more of greatness and reason.” So little had the French people of greatness or reason—so much was preferred the fame to the prosperity of France, that a

Frenchman, who had received from the first consul a sabre or carbine manufactured at Versailles, was thenceforth one of the proudest beings on the earth's crust. The age of chivalry was *not* gone by, every month invoked honor, drafts on glory were seldom dishonored, and though for a small and pitiable amount they would generally suffice to pay for the most arduous and zealous services. Thus the battalion which had distinguished itself for valor in Italy, was rewarded by appointment to the post of the greatest danger. Changed wholly were the moral qualities of the people. The lower classes were noted for being neither honest, obliging, or humane. This was not all; late enormities were not only to be read in outward lineaments; they had struck deeper and scathed and furrowed the soul. Hospitality, always in company with refined sentiment, and which the humblest Greek peasant would blush to be found wanting in, was no longer known in France. Suffering in its worst forms had become so familiar, that wretchedness the most agonizing was passed by without a sigh, or, perchance, so much as recognition. Gallantry assuredly was in vogue, though reduced to grimaces or compliments, the offspring not of respect or affection, but incorrigible vanity, which deceived themselves and duped foreigners, one of whom remarks in wonder, and as a fact, in the picture of their manners, that twice, on foot, taking hold of a person's arm, and being by chance on the outside of the pavement, it was remarked with scandal, and hinted to a companion, “that the same thing happened in a boat in which the best place was left to a man of consequence.” This was of the same order of vanity which begot for France such a horrid aversion of unhid poverty, an aversion which in unmitigated force still continues, as belying the idea of the perfection or apparent happiness of her state. Every beggar considered in law a blot in the escutcheon, to be rascal out; whilst no benevolence dictates an asylum! When we ourselves visited the City of Rouen, the chief gossip at the dinner table of hotels concerned a man who had been committed for several months to prison through inability to pay for a meal, which in a starving condition he had had the effrontery to order—value 3 sous! Nor, in the blood-bought dream of the first French Republic, could any passions be thoroughly excited by other than violent exhibitions; the people could be better moved by the supernatural than the real. This was especially beheld in those ready and never failing indicators of public morals and manners, the theatres. The masterly productions which had dignified these, were uncalled for and unoffered. The elegant Corneille, the pathetic Racine, the laughing Moliere, were absentees. There came, in place of what had been prepared by elegant and philosophic minds, dismal tragedies and stupid comedies, that had the merit of not having been penned by royalists and being withal very

*patriotic.* The authors and the public were both to blame; but it is not for the landlord of an inn to dispute the taste of his worshipful guests. The audience was changed. A pure taste and solid judgement, with their attendant refinements, were displaced, enjoyments requiring no exercise of mind got vogue. The boxes were filled by people of no character, insulting the poor by their shameful luxury. The vicissitudes, too, of this Revolution were as extreme as the imagination can picture. While receiving from the dust men without character and talents, it pressed to suffering and beneath general view thousands who had triumphed in the highest gifts of fortune. In a large suspension of trade the major portion of all classes were ruined. Then might be seen rich and poor, the young and old, *privately gabbing.* The circulation of money became unprecedentedly rapid, for people bought and sold, and rebought what they had sold in order to sell it again. It was, we mean, a good time for usurers—those bland civilized caterpillars. With fair security they yet asked unblushingly five or six per cent. per month. But everywhere was the absence of principle, the removal of moral restraint. Profligacy, murder and suicide, were common. They, who before had come but at the approach of winter to Paris to flout their gay equipages, now came to reside permanently for the better security of person and property. The mingling of fortunes might be shown at the *cafes*, which began to present visitants with more substantial meals than formerly, where every absurdity, every fancy, mad or tasteful, might be observed. Enter and gaze on the motely guests! There sits a man who courts notoriety, for such a one has features, manners and language, indicative of the propensity; before the revolution he was quiet and unoffensive, and believed himself to be a most ordinary man. Powder awoke him.

Yonder is a man who alighted at the door from a gay chariot; the revolution has wonderfully sharpened his appetite with his wits. He has been taught to regard the whole creation as cooked; or at least created for himself, and has already emptied four dishes. By him is one whose appetite for business is paramount, an excellent speculator, and rich, although twice a bankrupt. Yon young man, measuring the mirrors with his eye, now balancing, with the utmost exactitude, his fork upon his spoon, now microscopically examining the promiscuous company, and now peeping and re-peeping at a sparkling watch, is a *thief*.—His mind is becoming acquainted with the principle of valuation. A woman enters in company with several young men—themselves most spruce-ly attired—she, negligent of dress, haughty in bearing, and with a careless confronting air. She is a cidevant marchionness; the gamblers who, a few weeks ago, were without a sou, are now the almoners of her wealth. What that of late pertained to France is now truth, and what is fiction? In almost every mind she takes a varied position and relation. All know her destiny to be in progression, none what its essential principle shall be. All is action, though all attempted be not practicable. On one point, however, the world may agree. It is that France will never be as she has

been. Her philosophy, her sympathies, her utilitarian materialism proclaim this. Even the most erring of her patriots desire that humanity be henceforth measured by hearts and minds—that the waters which have gone forth find no way of return. Coarse and stern elements, discomfort and oppression spoil the pleasant vision, for there is no fanaticism which is or will not be developed; no passion more or less undisplayed. But whether zealots or desperadoes triumph, or a democratic system of government be imposed, in all aspects she will be altered. She is being new created in treaty and aims. A greater revolution than that which yet awaits her has probably never been recorded; facts minister to facts, and what to day thrives unnoticed may ere while present itself in gigantic form. Let us delay our judgement till the speculative theories of her majority be incorporated, and the plan at least of the structure, which is to be an available sanctuary from despotism, be presented. "*Republique Francaise!*" These words made up of golden letters, glared, during the period we are about to describe, from the highest dome of the palace of the Tulleries, the delightful rooms of which so many blessed tyrants had rejoiced in, and which were now occupied by the three consuls. There was not sufficient change within to indicate the change without. *The furniture was yet to be used by kings.*

How much is in association! By its influence the appearance of the earth itself is new resolved. The same principle of thought that led Carlyle, on looking up at a gloriously studded formament of stars, to exclaim: "It is a sad sight!" may well change what is of human fashioning. It was so in Paris. They who had been absent from the years of trouble, on returning went through its streets like strangers. It was a city standing in a new and scarcely divined light, to some enchanting, to others ominous, just as the gleam of a volcanic fire over the bay of Naples might delight some wondering visitant, whilst predicating danger, and thrilling with horror the experienced dweller. Towers, stores, public buildings, private houses were, for the showing of political respect, with obtaining of trade, or promotion of occupants, covered with patriotic emblems, such as liberty signs, or national coloured paint.

Do you see that man who dips the remains of a roll in a glass of currant water? His old brown coat might tell you that his fortune is not large. He is a scribe, a writer, an unacknowledged lover of power. At this moment he is framing a thought which shall move thousands. The young and old, the handsome and the homely here mingle. Here is transacted the business of love, scandal and trade. We will take this opportunity to read the following gossip in the day newspapers. In Paris are 445 booksellers; 340 printers; 38 bookbinders; 41 sketchers of pamphlets; 327 engravers; 85 copper plate printers; 49 print sellers; 71 old book shops; 240 sellers of lemonade; 240 keepers of cook shops; 630 wine merchants; 146 perfumers; 154 lottery office keepers; 975 actors, actresses, singers and dancers.

Strange customs, stranger figures, presented

themselves in public halls, saloons, streets, private chambers, churches, places of general resort, at night and eve. The pompousness of show was carried to the utmost available extent, not alone by private citizens but public men. Deputies, directors and state messengers, had all new fashioned robes, worn on all occasions and at all times. Legislators put on the cap and toga of the Roman senators, and were so disguised that their most intimate friends, unassisted, were often at a loss to discover them. As a consequence the most singular recontres would take place. Suppose the following in the Chamber of Deputies:

"Pardon me, monsieur, the trouble by interruption; but I have for a long time been looking for my friend and can nowhere discover him. Yet I am assured that he is within these walls."

"Ah! monsieur," returns the benign accosted one, "ah! ah! it is I that should ask your pardon."

"How, monsieur? I have asked but a simple question!"

"True, but the right person."

"If so I am fortunate, and where may my friend be?"

"I shall ever be happy to be called such."

"Ah! I would be the same, monsieur. My friend has doubtless mentioned me to you."

"No, monsieur, Roland never mentioned you to me. I however know you though you may doubt my name."

"This will give me no clue, monsieur. I know a thousand names—but I am forgetful. Where is M. Roland to be found?"

"Here."

"I am aware of that. You are surely in a vein of jesting, monsieur."

"You are right."

The wiry inquirer about to leap from the bench is arrested by the puzzler.

The denouement is complete. With a significant wink and strut he makes known who he is to the unsuspecting searcher.

This *en pasa unt*. Paris itself was wholly disguised. Even sincerity took up a foreign demeanor.

It was now that a Parisian citizen was heard to say to an amazed though philosophic beholder:

"Must not the people always have their masquerades, whether it be a tunic or a harlequin's jacket, the morgnia of Punch, or the garb of a Turkish nobleman, with a hat *a la* Henry the Fourth?"

What could he answer? The people struck with the wish to see no farther than the exterior—to be dazzled that they might be deceived, to drain for a time the intoxicating cup of folly, and remember their miseries no more in place of working out redemption by a consolation of those elements which were present to save them. They who governed saw that all the reason of the people resided in their ages. Excitement and nothing more was needed to propel their aggrandizing schemes.

Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain;  
Though grave yet trifling; zealous yet untrue.  
All evils here contaminate the mind  
That opulence departed leaves behind.

Liberty was personified without being identified,

love without being revered—like an oracle, the importunity and heedlessness of whose notaries suffer it not to give responses. Accordingly, while altars were built to her in the most retired and in the most public places, by rivers and in woods, in squares and in gardens, and statues of enchanting beauty and graceful mood, she was in a true sense unknown. Yet the people seemed afraid of forgetting that they had received the name of freemen; and, as though there were at active and malignant work with some corroding principle or vibrating influence, their vengeance awakened against carved wood and cold dull stone, which they defaced by axe blows or destroyed by flames that ascended as a memorial of their lost allegiance. Amidst the records of this period, are declarations to the effect that the people were happy, that peace had become the inhabitant of every house, notwithstanding general national prosperity was retarded by the revulsion of affairs. The success of Napoleon was so great, that the most zealous member of the royal confederacy became the friend and ally of republicanism. The time is about arriving for the discovery of all those secret springs, that operated that wonderful change in the political system. It was now that Ireland imitated the example of France, establishing secret confederacies, whose members were under the obligation of what was deemed an unlawful oath, in which toasts were given to Bonaparte, and the following sentiments received with cheers:

May the last of kings be strangled in the hands of the last of priests.

Religion without priests and government without kings.

A dish of fish for the English, and may they always relish an Irish *pike*.

Honest men at the head of affairs, and those at the head of affairs without heads at all.

With this shrinking from what was real, this heartless pantomime of life, was conjoined an aversion to consider the end of man. Medical science sought to discover a specific to prolong human life, if not to endow it with immortality. One philosopher succeeded, according to his own account, in obtaining the means of prolonging the same to that of a patriarch. Death rested him while preparing a system of medicine, involving those which needed for success adoption in infancy. "I have lived but four and fifty years," cried he, "the great art of life is to preserve our days which are numbered even and cheerful to the last." No science at this period was disregarded. The Institute shone in all its glory. How interesting was the appearance of that assemblage of celebrated and distinguished men, among them Buonaparte! "It was then," says a French writer, "that a calm reigned over the features of the conqueror of Italy, making men almost afraid to interrupt his meditations and the repose of his soul."

Notwithstanding this devotion to science, literature was marked by an enfeebled style and a corrupt taste.

Religion, too, had decayed with sensibility, and no institution encouraged its reward. The solitary coffin was born by hirelings, who uttered

coarse jests as they carried it along. Though the churches were crowded, and most of the women bore crosses, hardly a virtue was acknowledged.

In the second year of the Republic two young men, whose appearance even at that time when most inappropriate dresses and manners were not unusual (the peasant striving to illustrate his equality with the grandee) entered a diligence which would convey them to Paris. The inhabitants of a town, which borders on the Puydedome, had commissioned them to apply for means to erect a granary in which the corn, there collected by requisition, might be deposited. A foreigner, who was their fellow traveller, and to whom they had related their purpose, inquired whether in their commune they had no public building. None, they replied. We had a large and beautiful church, but we have demolished it. Why so? asked the traveller, hurriedly. We have already told you, said they, with violent expression of countenance—it was a church!

With taste for expense and wasteful profusion, love of society and passion for show, it could not be but that both the fortunes and character of the people sunk.

Entertainments at private houses were in the first style of expensive elegance. The ladies would remain in company with the gentlemen longer than is now usual, and on taking leave would probably be seen no more till evening. Cards would make for the ladies some amends for this separation; the mistress of the house took care to provide a female party above stairs, while her husband was engaged below. Tradespeople were more boastful than industrious, more spirited than brave. They loved well the bottle, and indulged themselves after the hours of business in the delirium it bestows.

The reserve and modest silence, so beautiful in the female character, had departed; consulting less the edification of those who listened to them, than the gratification of their own vanity. Dancing had become the staple art of France, and as necessary an accomplishment as reading and writing. Even the crew of a privateer, in Calais harbor, might be seen amusing themselves on board the ship in teaching each other to dance, and on holidays the Champs Elysees were filled with dancing groups, some of which would not have disgraced the opera. The ballet was filled up with the first dancers in the world, and the spectacle was both striking and magnificent. Vocal singing was as yet unpurified by any importation from the Italian school, but in instrumental music they were far advanced. The greatest variety was felt essential to social life. The most usual mode of living was at the restaurateurs, and the meeting so constantly in promiscuous assemblages abroad, diverted both men and women from the management of their families. The children of France had then no home. They were dragged when infants to exhibitions, insipid because not understood. On becoming conscious of all that was taking place around, they learnt artificial manners, and were no longer before their

parents what they were in reality or restricted by their presence. In want of information they were taught to make a display of it—spoiled by vain encomiums, and fostered in trivial inclinations, betraying that tone of confidence and giddy air which disfigure every grace.

Vast sums continued to be expended on the decoration of the capital. The Louvre was literally full of statues and paintings. A gallery 480 yards in length was covered with the choicest specimens of the Flemish, French and Dutch schools. Spacious rooms were filled with Italian paintings. Of statuary were the Apollo Belvedere, Laocoon and Venus de Medici. Different workmen might be seen polishing various massive columns of granite and porphyry, and piling up scattered fragments of stone and marble—*rudis indigestaque moles*—reserved for the fiat of the minister of the interior.

Gardens, spacious and kept in admirable order, were opened to the public, who readily availed themselves of the privilege. They presented charming views and were embellished with running water.

At Paris, as at present, few things were cheap, except bread, wine and meat, and the common necessities of life. Manufactures of all kinds, except china and silk, were dear, as was also house rent. Fuel was enormous.

All traces of paper money had so completely vanished that it was almost impossible, even as a matter of curiosity, to procure an assignat. Taxes were extremely light, notwithstanding that imposed for war. The vigor of police officers were continued. Both the inhabitants and strangers at Paris were obliged to carry their cards, and if found after twelve o'clock at night without that ægis by any of the police officers, would be likely to pass the night in the Bureau Centrale. Government, while effectually restraining the people, affected to seek but their greater security and indulgement. On the fifth of every decade Buonaparte, with his staff, would descend the grand staircase and employ half an hour in a review of troops, or, to speak more correctly, in granting a splendid parade. The gaiety and brilliancy of the scene was felt by all.

Again, there would be foot, horse and chariot races, where the victorious were rewarded with carbines, sabres and vases, from the manufactory at Sevres. This system of rewards dispensed with, solemnity by members of the government was applied to education. The merest trifle satisfied, and knowledge bid fair to discover itself, as that which Burke meant by a cheap defence of nations. As informing the human race of their rights, as instructing them in the principles of liberty, whatever may be the different forms of government, however tyranny may be allowed to overrule and despotism be successful, will in the end triumph by setting the contest fairly at issue, between the eternal principles of truth and the will of tyrants. Notwithstanding all the privileges that France at this time possessed and boasted of, so unenviable was its state that we can well forgive.

## NOTES OF HAND.

DRAWN AT SIGHT, BY C. W. HOLDEN.

THE seventeenth day of January, eighteen hundred and forty nine, was to me one of the most momentous in the annals of diurnal revolutions; replete with more hopes and misgivings, sacred to more sorrows and fears, than any of its immediate predecessors; and yet, withal, there was mingled with my loneliness so much of the spirit of the ludicrous, such a combination of the grotesque and eccentric of real life, that I involuntarily found myself wondering whether it were better to adopt the principles of the laughing or crying philosopher from the outset. The long-lived theory triumphed, and I turned away contentedly.

At 3 o'clock, P.M., on the above mentioned day, a dense crowd of men, women, children, dogs, tobacco pipes, demijohns, white handkerchiefs, hand baskets, matches and cheap novels, to say nothing of sheriff's officers and suspicious creditors, in assumed spectacles and disguise, borrowed for the occasion, neither of which came under the above schedule, was collected at Pier No 7, N.R., for the ostensible purpose of witnessing the departure of the barque *Harriet T. Bartlett*, Captain B——, for Chagres. The *Harriet* being rather a working model of a vessel than a vessel itself, was so snugly ensconced under the bows of a large ship as to be nearly invisible to the naked eye, and, in consequence, the spectators waylaid the bulwarks and rigging of the ship and gazed vacantly into the depths below in search of some familiar face. Hats were touched and retouched, friendly advice and vague hints relative to sea air were given and received in dumb show—wet handkerchiefs were sympathetically flowing in the wind, like the streamers of a seventy-four on a gala day, and innumerable black bottles were mysteriously shook up by disconsolate young men, in over coats and fur gloves, and then quietly emptied as a species of pantomime relative to future success. The sheriff's officers and suspicious creditors were drawn up in solemn array on each side of the gangway, the young ladies were sobbing in all the intensity of accumulating grief, the match boys and the book venders were proclaiming in stentorian tones the aphorisms relating to the swiftness of old Time, interlarded with repetitions of the great fitness of their goods for the California market, for which they were expressly selected, the cur dogs were earnestly whinnying for lost masters, the hand baskets fast disappearing in rotation over the sides, the demijohns suddenly endowed with uncommon powers of locomotion, when suddenly the cry of "the steamer!" accelerated the motions and heightened the confusion of all, and the huge smoke pipe hove in sight. Then came the last look and word, the convulsive grasp of the hand and hurried "God bless you! God bless you!" the streaming tears and nervous ejaculations, the fervent and hearty kiss, which seemed almost a pleasurable solemnity, the lengthened embrace whose pressure told the emotions of the heart most emphatically, the short

but ardent protestations of eternal fidelity, the silent though expressive anguish whose wailings are unseen and unheard, the desponding cheer whose articulation died away with its utterance, the "last long lingering look," and, amidst an avalanche of cheers, which rose far above the din and tumult of the voices on our deck, the *Harriet* left Pier No. 7, N.R., for the port of Chagres, New Grenada. A few friends, who had remained on board to return with the steamer, bade us farewell off the Narrows, and when all hands were piped down to supper all that remained of New York could be summed up in its recollections.

There have been so many volumes devoted to descriptions of sea voyages, so many words bestowed upon the apparently unimportant minutia of the trackless ocean, that I shall hardly venture to attempt a transcript of the thousand and one tales of my illustrious predecessors. Still there is much in the huge rolling waves, and accessories of the vast deep, which furnish the traveller with food for reflection, and I cannot refrain from devoting a few lines to our passage.

After our berths were arranged, our baggage dispersed, our supper discussed, and our whole party made uncomfortable by the cold northerly wind, we "turned in" with the consciousness that our cabin was most uncomfortably crowded, and our stomachs preparing for the grand ordeal through which maritime adventurers must reach experience. Our cabin was a temporary affair erected on the forward deck, and adapted for the accommodation of about six persons; but our worthy captain, acting on the principle of a New England cheese press, had contrived to compress about three times that quantity into its limits, which of course added very little to our comfort. About 6 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, I was aroused by a succession of strange noises on the deck, which at first I attributed to the cackling of some unknown sea-fowl, and hastened out, when, from stem to stern, on both larboard and starboard sides, I found stationed the majority of my fellow passengers offering up, at the shrine of old ocean, that which but the night before had been generously furnished them at the cabin table. Involuntarily I laughed outright; unfortunate and ill-timed mirth, for, before my cachinations could be responded to by the indignation of the sufferers, my turn had come.

I had heard much and read more of this scourge of the ocean—had years before limned on the canvass of my fancy most grotesque figures and forebodings, and was now to behold a realization or contradiction of my fears. At first I smiled, but with a quaint, sinister, unbending of my nerves, and then there came across me a confusion of embodied visions of the horrible, a succession of interminable spasms, which, like the kaleidoscope, resolved themselves into successive shapes and forms with most ingenious and inexplicable

celerity, then my eyes, which were fixed on vacancy before, saw in the dim perspective bodily demons, whose eager grasp but awaited my proximity, my hands convulsively trembled violently, the color of my cheeks waned as though touched by wasting disease, my stomach seemed converted into an immense reservoir where all the elements commingled to generate the intensity of confusion, and as I leaned my head against the bulwark, and gave to the ocean monarch my share of tribute, the world and all its pleasures seemed buried in the vast deep beneath. It was not the mere animal torture, the pain of each passing spasm, that inflicted upon me so much of suffering; but the complete prostration of the mental, as well as physical, faculties so bereft me of sense and reason temporarily, that when I recovered I could almost believe I had visited Pandemonium, and joined in a re-union of Milton's incarnate fiends. I can conceive of nothing in the catalogue of ills so decidedly terrific as sea-sickness, and if my experience is not verified by the observations of others, I can only say they are furnished with less sensitive stomachic organs than myself.

The second day out, having somewhat recovered my spirits, I was enabled to look around me and see my fellow passengers. We were, all told, sixty-five in number, and more dissimilarity in appearance and character could hardly be found at any country town meeting. Even our captain and crew were antagonistical to the generality of seaman, and the H. T. B. herself was endowed with that happy medium between the wash-tub and brig, which ensures all the good qualities of the former with the bad ones of the latter. Captain B—— was not what you would call a fine specimen of the sailor. He would not at first sight strike you as being in command of a seventy-four, or even a gun brig, and as he emerged from the cabin in the morning, his dilapidated dressing gown upon his back, his red slippers on his feet, his head covered with a cloth cap in miniature, and his legs encased in very common corduroy, you would possibly (if just from an agricultural district) call him a quiet old farmer, or, if from the Pennsylvania mining section, undoubtedly dub him a miner. In fact I was a long time concluding whether to set him down in this diary as an agricultural mariner, or a marine agriculturist. He so well supplies the vacancy in both these departments that I cannot resolve my doubts to certainties. But the most astonishing anomaly on board was our cabin boy. My first acquaintance with him was at the time I secured my passage on the bark. As I bowed my head to enter the cabin I encountered him, and enquiring casually about the vessel, was astonished to find so much talent and genius beneath the rough garb of a sailor boy of twelve. Precocity seemed his chief characteristic, and I could not but admire the assumption of nautical pedantry which my questions called forth. "Are your accommodations good?" said I, entering the door. "Excellent," said he slowly, "excellent. Our cabins are commodious and convenient, and our table furnished with the best the market affords. We shall endeavor to make you all as comfortable as circumstances will allow," and he leaned composedly

against the mast to await my next question. "How long shall we probably be to Chagres?" asked I. "The old man says fourteen days," answered he promptly, "but I shall call it a d—— good run if we make it in twenty. The trade winds though may take us in." I presume I might easily have informed myself upon nautical affairs generally had I stopped longer, but I wished to laugh heartily and so left. This boy wore earrings, a striped shirt, boasted an amplitude of trowsers, chewed tobacco and swore horribly; moreover he had been one trip to sea, and if his catalogue of accomplishments did not render him *au fait* in all nautical affairs nothing could ever hope to. I may as well mention that he suddenly disappeared the first day out, and nothing was heard of him for some time—to my astonishment I learned he was sea-sick. As I said before, our passengers were of all classes and conditions, and for the sake of curiosity I drew up a list of them. Seven were natives of Great Britain, twenty seven of N. Y. State, nine of Massachusetts, one of the Sandwich Islands, two of Vermont, three of Germany, one of Canada, five of Connecticut, one of Maine, four of France, one of Austria, two of Switzerland, one of Pennsylvania, and one of China. Their occupations varied as much as their ages. There were merchants, students, book-keepers, Tailors, gunsmiths, carpenters, artists, clerks, physicians, manufactures, cooks, hatters, watch makers, sailors and gentlemen. Of the latter I found but two, and as one was a red-haired Irish cockney, and the other a French boy of nineteen, remarkably seedy, I did not inquire their distinction between gentlemen and the *canaille*. Among our passengers was one old gentleman named B——, from the ancient town of Litchfield, Ct. He was the father of a numerous progeny, owned considerable property in his native place, and was no less than sixty years old. For sprightliness and activity I never saw his superior, and as he, like most Yankees, was a man of discernment and education, I took great pleasure in conversing with him. He told me that his wife was living in Litchfield, where he owned a manufactory, and that the news from California had excited in his breast a strong desire to visit the latter region, and view the country before he *became too old*! When I asked him if he did not hesitate upon leaving his wife and family for such a journey, he replied "No! they are well enough off, and why do they need me with them? I want to see a little of what is going on in the world." Every morning at 4 o'clock he was on the fore-castle conversing with the watch, and eliciting all the information possible, at the expense of our sleep.

We had very little excitement to break "the even tenor of our way" on the voyage. We saw a few dolphins, a good many flying fish, and occasionally a porpoise. In the morning we ate our breakfast, at noon our dinner, at night our supper, and then joyously went to bed with the consciousness that to-morrow would bring a repetition of yesterday. We occasionally ventured up into the cross trees, and as our vessel boasted no lubbers hole, that was considered by us a feat of sufficient magnitude to suffice for one day. Had we as-

ceeded too often the novelty would have been lost to us. I also employed myself for a day or two in studying the sublimity of studding sails, top gallant sails, bowlines, earrings, &c., but was at last so completely lost in the immensity of spanker gaffs, jib booms, marling spikes, flying jibs, jewel blocks, and other nautical stumbling blocks, that I in despair gave up the idea of carrying away with me any knowledge of seamanship. Occasionally I ventured an observation on the probability of an approaching storm, (and unfortunately for my acumen always when the barometer indicated "fair weather" as plainly as need be,) and one day when it was nearly calm, hinted, vaguely, at the propriety of putting into requisition the extra umbrellas to assist our locomotion; but, with the exception of pointing out the bowsprit to a landsman as a *bowline*, enquiring of the captain why he did not hoist a studding sail on the gally, and suggesting to the mate that one of the larboard earrings needed cleaning, I passed for a very close student of Bowditch's Navigator. I have solemnly vowed never hereafter to express any nautical opinion on ship board, as it is a very easy thing to secure a reputation for knowledge by shaking the head very profoundly when asked a question, when, nine times in ten, it is lost by opening the mouth. Jack Bunsby passed for a profound seaman, merely from his unique manner of drinking a glass of grog, as we all know.

Strange to say we saw many things on the vessel which reminded us of home; but our emotions, perhaps from the contiguity of the associations, were not entirely pleasurable. Among the most prominent of the sweet reminders was the pig pen, which, being directly under my window, recalled to mind, very strongly, the days when I fed the swine, "long time ago." And yet, from a desire to avoid all recollections of a place as far distant as home, or perhaps from a wish to avoid the pen itself, I carefully closed the shutter when I turned in, and while consigning to oblivion all "the scenes of my childhood," consigned internally my brutish neighbors, to another though *not* a better land. The total absence of everything like good cooking and respectable provisions, also served to keep alive our thoughts of friends left behind, and as we spread something our captain denominated *butter* upon our hard bread, and vaguely questioned the steward's ability in selecting coffee, we could not but call up indistinct visions of hot rolls and fresh butter, with the accompaniment of Java coffee, somewhere in a pleasant parlor in the States.

Everything has an end, and we at last found our passage included in the catalogue. We made the Caycas group one fine morning quite early, and very strenuous exertions to see them also, and from that moment we were continually running among long low headlands and bluffs, which, from the absence of orange groves, and lemon trees, and grape vines, might as well have been the Isle of man as the West Indies, and in a few days came in sight of Chagres itself. When perhaps some twelve miles distant, I observed one of our passengers, who had been very fidgety during the whole passage, wrap himself closely in his pilot coat and encompass his face in a thick comforter,

the thermometer being only about 100. I could not at first understand his manœuvre, but he informed me privately that the air of Chagres was so exceedingly poisonous, that he dared not venture an inhalation of its deadly qualities save through his very primitive respiration. As he was a physician he had inoculated several with his belief, and I was much amused to observe the care taken by all to avoid the malaria, especially as we were just in sight of port and had a fine breeze blowing directly *in* shore.

We anchored off the Castle of Saint Antonio about 3 o'clock, P.M., and the next day were towed into port by the steamer *Orus*, just arrived from New York. Of course we were all anxious to see Chagres, as it had been called the most disagreeable spot in the world, not even excepting the black hole of Calcutta, and accordingly, as soon as we reached anchorage, a party seized the ship's boat and went on shore. Instead of the dirty, filthy, disagreeable mud hole we had anticipated, we found ourselves in a very small but compact South American rancho, as pleasant and agreeable as many of our Southern villages.

The spot upon which Chagres is built very much resembles one of those uneven holes we frequently find scooped out of a sand bank by the side of a New England highway. It is surrounded on all sides by huge picturesque hills, covered with a variety of tropical trees, the ascent to which—the hills—would be deemed a matter of considerable trouble. The Chagres river empties into the ocean within a few rods of the village, and the huge underbrush and thick matted weeds, which, like immense mustaches encircle its mouth, leave you undecided at first sight as to its actual size. As we entered the village we found ourselves among a crowd of half Spanish negroes, who were endeavoring to bargain with us for canoes to Gorgona, but from our utter inability to understand each other no great progress was made. A few rods from the landing place we found, under cover of a roof of bamboo leaves, a most imposing restaurant and coffee house. It was kept by a Mr. Parks, formerly of New York, who, starting for California when the excitement first commenced, had stopped here to establish himself in business. He had a negro cook from New York, paying him three dollars per day, and was making money fast enough to suit his wishes. We found three other young Americans here, all of whom had stopped from want of funds, and had established themselves in some petty shops where they were doing well. I was never more satisfied of the true spirit of energy and accommodation to circumstances, than in conversing with these young men. They seemed perfectly contented with their prospects, and as confident of reaching California as though boasting a pocket full of gold.

A party of us ascended the hill which leads to the Castle of San Antonio, to view the fortifications which we were told were immense. Near the hill top we saw an old, dilapidated, crazy looking hut, on the side of which was painted "Dr. Colleus," in Roman text. Of course we hunted up the doctor, as he had an English name, and found him a very agreeable person. He had travelled much in Europe and America as he in-

formed us, was educated at Heidelberg, and spoke some half dozen languages to perfection. He was doing well in Chagres, as he invariably refused a fee when visiting a patient, (which of course secured him something like a double fee in presents) and as he was engaged to a *Senorita Ramos*, daughter of *Don Julian de Ramos*, the nabob of Chagres, was in receipt of something like expectations. *Don Julian*, who was *Alcalde* of Chagres by the way, was a perfect Yankee in his dealings with the people, seldom failed to get a good bargain, and was acknowledged by all as the wealthiest man in the vicinity.

But to return to the Castle. On the brow of the hill which overlooks Chagres, and from whence a person could easily look down the chimneys of the huts in the village, if they had any, stood the larger and most important fortification. It was built nearly in the form of a parallelogram, with a wide ditch and massive towers at each angle, and flanked on three sides by the most precipitous precipices imaginable. Contiguous to the path from the village, was the prettiest piece of green sward I expect to see till I reach the Battery, which had probably been used as a parade ground. Scattered upon the ground in every direction lay immense guns, (some of them evidently 42 pounders,) covered with rust and in the last stages of decay. They had once been mounted upon gigantic wheels of a single piece, sawed from some of the large trees of the country, and looked as though they had "done the state some service" years before. In another fort commanding the entrance to the harbor, were mounted some very fine brass pieces of large calibre, and on all sides was a sufficiency of munitions ammunition to sustain a vigorous defence for a long time. But with the negligence, which usually characterized the movements of the Spaniards in Central America, an upper fort had been constructed on an eminence overlooking the citadel, and, as it was not guarded by intrenchments, or in fact any unusual fortifications, easily accessible to a storming party, who once in possession had the main fort at their disposal.\* But now there were no signs of war or warlike men. Everything was in ruins, and the massive walls fast crumbling to decay. As I gazed upon the grass and trees, which filled the ditches and towers and covered the battlements, I

could not but consider the scene an exemplification of the reign of Spanish dominion over the Western world, and read in the lesson conveyed the sure destiny of a people whose powers are relaxed by indolence, whose energies are sapped by ignorance and idleness.

Instead of riding about the streets of Chagres on the back of a negro, which, from the mud and filth, had been intimated by some of the papers, would be the case, we wandered around among its population with impunity and dry soles. The village contains 134 houses or huts, and a population of some 600. The men are mostly occupied upon the river to Gorgona and Cruces, while the women amuse themselves in smoking and trafficking during their absence. They are lazy, indolent and inactive, hardly capable of being aroused into action, and possess all the prominent characteristics of the Mexicans. A few pure old Castilians, men of education and refinement, control the destinies of a province, while the remainder, living in abject poverty, care or think for nothing but their daily bread. As regards society little can be said. With the exception of the Spaniards, before mentioned, there is no taste, no refinement, no general intelligence, and I saw in Chagres but three residents who could be named under the old geographical term of "civilized and enlightened."

Of course we found children in abundance. I have generally noticed that where an adult population exhibited signs of decay, children almost grew spontaneously, and the prettiest children in form and feature I ever saw. Nearly all boasted a fair or clear complexion, regular teeth, small hands and feet, and a most intelligent expression of countenance. But their eyes—large, full and luminous as the full moon just rising from a dark cloud—sparkled like diamonds by starlight, and as they gazed in all their expressive beauty into my own, I could not but confess the presence of some wondrous fascination beneath the beautiful lashes which protected their brilliancy, and I reflected with pain that future years of neglect would effectually smother the fires of intellectuality which such glowing orbs to me seemed to predicate. I am now speaking of the middling and better classes—those whose children revelled in the luxury of a garment. The juveniles of the lower order scampered about the streets entirely naked, with a protuberance of abdomen frightfully astonishing. I never saw anything in humanity to equal it; and could only compare them with a regiment of well-fed tadpoles under marching orders. I could not ascertain the cause of this peculiarity, but suppose it is attributable to their want of swathing when very young.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

\* A similar error in the construction of a fortification at Carthagena, a few miles farther down the coast, is worth recording. When the Spaniards had possession of the city they fortified it very strongly, building immense works upon a hill some 200 feet high. Of an eminence some 400 feet higher, and overlooking the foot, they took no notice, but allowed the construction of a monastery upon it, and their negligence led to the capture and re-capture of Carthagena several times. The monastery is still standing.

# THE ATHEIST; OR, TRUE AND FALSE RELIGION.

BY AUGUSTINE J. H. DUGANNE.

## CHAPTER IX.

THE REVEREND JOB GURNEY.

"At seasons in the heart of man  
The tempter holdeth power."—JULIAN.

"In fancy when it lies in the white arms of Virtue,  
Sinketh oft the soul into the lap of Vice."

In a quiet old chamber of a house, in one of the out-of-the-way streets of the city, sat in an ancient arm-chair, a beautiful young maiden. Very lovely indeed was she, leaning back in the deep cushioned chair, her nimble fingers busily plying her needle, whilst to her blithesome voice her little feet kept music. Sunlight streamed through the curtain upon her forehead, and danced amid her golden tresses till they were wrapped in a mist of light.

All alone seemed the bright-faced girl in the antique room. But, nevertheless, she had many companions; her own innocent, happy thoughts, dancing before her soul's eyes in white robes, and mounting on the glittering sunbeam that slanted through the room, like angels on the ladder of faith.

But the young maiden's song was interrupted by the entrance of a visitor. He was a man of prepossessing appearance, his forehead expansive, his eyes dark and expressive, and his hair of a glossy black. The girl's face lit up radiantly, as he appeared, and, leaving her chair, she ran forward to meet him. Gently taking her hand, the new-comer greeted her kindly, and took the chair that she had vacated, whilst the maiden stood beside him with her happy, truthful smile. "O, I am so glad you have come!" said she.

The visitor glanced benignly on the fair girl, and took her small white hand in his own.

The Reverend Job Gurney, which was the name and title of the individual we are now surveying, was the pastor of the church to which belonged our acquaintances of a former chapter, the two deacons. And Fanny, the young maiden, who now stood smiling at his knee, was a fair, fresh blossom grafted on the church-tree, who sang with her melodious voice in the choir, and who believed her pastor, Mr. Gurney, to be the incarnation of piety upon earth.

And truly a pattern of pastors was the revered gentleman; with a mildness of manner that was irresistible with the gentler sex, a tender tone to his voice, and a sweet smile upon his lips, which insensibly won upon their affections. Yet, as we have seen, the Reverend Job Gurney was no favorite with the deacons, and they neglected no opportunity of animadverting upon what they termed the hypocrisy of their smooth-faced pastor.

But still he was regarded by many as a saint, so lamb-like were his manners and appearance.

And Fanny, the fair child, looked up to him with all the trusting affection of her orphan heart, confided to him her bitter sorrows, and rested satisfied when he commended her guileless efforts to please. She thought not of evil, for she knew not sin.

"And why are you glad I have come, Fanny?" asked the minister, drawing the maiden to his chair.

"O, I—I wanted to ask you something. Must I always be obedient to my superiors?"

"Why do you ask that, Fanny? Do you not know when obedience is necessary?"

"Because—because," replied the young girl, hesitatingly, "Deacon Smith said I must always obey him in everything. He said I must not use my own judgment, for I might not know—"

"Ah, yes, my child—I understand—might not know what was always right. Yes, that is the reason superiors are appointed over the young—to direct them correctly. But, go on Fanny. What did Deacon Smith ask of you?"

As Job Gurney asked this, he gazed fixedly upon the girl's expressive face, and a light gleamed in his dark eye—a light which should not have been there. He drew her nearer yet to the arm-chair. "What was it, Fanny?"

The young maiden cast her eyes upon the floor, as she replied: "He asked me to kiss him."

"And did you obey him, Fanny?" asked the pastor, with his gaze resting on her blushing neck. She looked up into his face with a timid glance.

"Yes," she murmured. "Was it wrong, Mr. Gurney?"

"Do you think it was, Fanny?"

The girl was silent, and her eyes once more sought the floor.

"Would you think it wrong if I should tell you to kiss me?" asked the pastor, passing his arm around her waist, and bending his lips close to her cheek.

"O, no!" said Fanny, "for you—you—are the minister, and—"

She paused—she was confused. Yet had she unconsciously given the reason why she *should* fear the man who now embraced her. He was a minister of heaven's word at the altar. Alas! to the blind confidence which has led them to trust implicitly to priests, do many fallen ones owe their ruin.

"Kiss me, Fanny!"

Job Gurney's lips pressed those of the young girl, and he drew her form closely to his breast. Was that indeed a father's kiss, that flushed the maiden's brow and neck with crimson? Was that embrace pure which made her pulses for a moment like fire, and stayed her breath with a new and strange thrill? Fanny's form trembles now, and a coldness succeeds the fiery warmth which seemed inhaled from her pastor's lips. She lay almost powerless in Gurney's arms.

CHAPTER X.

THE PASTOR'S WIFE.

"Make her a slave—  
Steal from her rosy lip by needless jealousies;  
Wrong her by petulance, suspicion—all  
That makes life's cup a bitterness—yet give  
One evidence of love, and earth has not  
An emblem of devotedness like hers.—N. P. WILLIS.

For a few moments after that kiss, the minister was silent. Then he whispered softly in Fanny's ear, "Where is your brother?"

"He has not been home for a week," answered the girl.

"And your grandmother?"

"She is sleeping now. Shall I go and call her? She will be glad to see you."

Fanny made a movement to disengage herself from Gurney's arms, but he gently detained her. "No matter!" said he. "Let us have a little conversation. I am in no haste, my child. Now, tell me, Fanny—why is it not wrong for me to kiss you?"

"O—sir—I do not know. Because—because—you would not do it if it were wrong. Isn't that it, Mr. Gurney? She looked up smilingly into her pastor's face.

"It is indeed, my dear," returned the minister. "Of course—of course, you know, Fanny, I do not think it wrong. You are a good girl."

He lifted her from the floor upon his knee, and twined his arm around her waist, her radiant head resting upon his breast. Again the maiden's cheek grew flushed beneath that strange kiss.

And while the guileless girl submitted to his caresses, unconscious of wrong, the man whispered in her ear of virtue and holiness. Whilst his veins were swelling with unholy passion, he approached the sanctuary of that pure maiden's thoughts with specious reasoning. He wrapped in a veil of glittering sophistry the spirit of his dark design, and whilst warning the child to beware of worldly snares, he was weaving around her a web of shining but poisoned threads. Was there none to step between him and his victim—none to dash from his hand the cup he was preparing for the innocent?

Was there none? Ay! He who beholds the hearts of all watched over the young girl in the hour of her peril.

The heart of Fanny was pure. She conceived not evil, and in her unknowing purity she was safe. Yet the man who presses her to his breast, urged on by the tyrant lash of his own passions, forgot at last the veil with which his purpose was at first concealed. Deluded by the passiveness with which she listened to his sophistry, he grew bolder; and while the maiden's eyes were fixed on his own, while her gentle heart beat against his bosom—he dared to speak to her of—crime.

As the wild beast is cowed by the bright eye of his keeper—as the human gaze shrinks from the fiery sun—so fell the glance of that libertine priest before the look of the innocent girl. Ere the dark whisper of sin had thrilled entirely upon her ears, she sprang from the false shepherd's embrace. She spoke no word—but her dazzling eyes rested unquailingly upon his guilty face. He shrank from their light—he dared not meet their reproachful purity—and, like a thief, he fled from the room.

Fanny stood a moment after he had gone and listened to his retreating footsteps. Then the young girl buried her face in her hands, and, sinking in the arm-chair, she wept long and bitterly.

WHEN the Reverend Job Gurney left the house where, with her aged grandmother, resided the orphan Fanny, his mind was in such a state that the despair of a condemned malefactor would have been a relief to it. He staggered along the street in the direction of his home, scarcely knowing whither his steps were leading; for his bosom was a furnace of torturing thoughts.

Job Gurney was but one of many. Endowed naturally with a warm and passionate temperament, he had in his youth been rather noted than otherwise for his lightness of disposition and the pleasure he found in the diversions of that period of life. But on the completion, after arduous application, of his collegiate course, he had selected the ministry for his profession in precisely the manner that thousands of others choose between the three liberal pursuits. "The law," said his advisers and his own reflections, "is fluctuating and uncertain. Medical ranks are crowded and the vocation of a physician is arduous in the extreme. But the pulpit is a life of quiet, perhaps elegant enjoyment. It affords, too, opportunities of gaining great oratorical reputation. It is in fact the *best of the three professions*."

Thus reason, and thus are influenced, more than a moiety of the clerical students of our universities. Thus is the service of the altar placed in the same worldly category with the trades and professions of business life; and the ministers of the most high are, in a vast majority of cases, men who would more fitly have trod the quarter-deck, or led on gold-diggers to the treasures of Eldorado.

And thus Job Gurney, with unschooled passions, with sanguine temperament, and bad principles, had entered upon the duties of the sacerdotal office. Was he a hypocrite and dissembler? Was he a "wolf in sheep's clothing," entering the fold of the good? Was he a deliberately bad man, intent only on the gratification of his own unholy impulses?

Job Gurney was neither. He had adopted the profession of a clergyman, it is true, from the motives we have mentioned above; yet it was in entire ignorance of the difficulties he would be called on to encounter through his own unruly passions. He well knew what the service of the altar required—a spotless conscience, a pure heart, a devout purpose; but he felt within himself that these requisites were not his; and from this feeling, the man's whole life had been a terrible struggle between desire and duty.

Job Gurney would have died a martyr to the religion he professed; he would have suffered torture rather than that his church should be scandalized; he would have starved, scourged, maimed himself, like the ancient anchorites, in order to subdue his passions. But Job Gurney

was but a man—with human weakness and failings, and, though he struggled against the evil of his nature, he could never wholly master it.

Thus had the temptings of evil led him on in his interview with the artless Fanny, until, unknowing what he did, he had torn off the veil of his priestly character, and disclosed the hideous lineaments of impure desire to the shrinking soul of virtue. And as he fled, like a scared criminal, from the clear-eyed girl, he covered his flushed face, and moaned in anguish. Job Gurney, the pastor, would have given worlds, would have laid down his life to recall the terrible experience of the last moment; he would have submitted to the stake, could he but restore his sanctity in the eyes of that innocent child.

But Job Gurney had allowed himself to be conquered by evil, and now he fled from the face of good. He gained his home, and sought the quiet of his study, with his brain throbbing with pain and shame. His wife was there; and as the pastor threw himself upon a chair, and leaned his forehead on his hand, her arm was placed proudly around his neck, and her voice tenderly inquired what ailed him. Alas! he could not, dared not answer.

Mrs. Gurney was that jewel of man's heart, a virtuous woman. Not the virtue of the canting conventicle—not the missionary, and tract, and prison-discipline virtue, was that which gave lustre to the mild woman who now sat by her husband's side, but the patient, the uncomplaining, the *home* virtue, which sheds a halo around the hearth, and an atmosphere of beauty and benevolence abroad.

Mrs. Gurney was no favorite with the vinegar-faced female hypocrites and devotees of the church, as her husband was no idol of his deacons. Such shining examples of the whole duty of woman as Mrs. Brother Oily, looked with ineffable pity upon one who made not known to the world the good she performed in secret. They could perceive no holiness in "hiding one's light under a bushel"—and therefore Mrs. Gurney was not their favorite.

An energetic knock rattled the door of the room, in which the husband and wife were now seated, and the lank form of Deacon Smith presented itself, with peculiarly unbending gravity, at the threshold.

Mr. Gurney raised his flushed face, and replied to the salutation of the worthy church-pillar, with as calm a voice as he could command. But no smile appeared on the lips of Deacon Smith. He advanced towards the pastor, and, in an elevated and C. sharp voice, broke forth:

"I owe you a debt, sir."

At this information, which was apparently quite unexpected on the part of the minister, that gentleman commenced the exhibition of sundry tokens of surprise. The acknowledgment of a debt due to oneself, in this world of dollars and cents, is generally productive of an agreeable feeling; but in this case the very violent demeanor of the venerable elder, abstracted in a great measure from the satisfaction with which the pastor might otherwise have received the admission of indebtedness.

"Explain yourself, Deacon Smith," said Mr. Gurney, rising from his seat, and confronting the

excited limb of religion, while his wife glanced, with a misgiving anxiety, at the parties.

"You know what I mean," muttered the belligerent deacon. "O, you—you unrighteous shepherd!"

"Deacon Smith!" said the minister, in a tone of extreme gravity, and a holy-smile trembling on his lip—though his wife, with the quick instinct of an affectionate heart, noticed that the deacon's behavior had stirred her husband's soul deeper than could be seen from the surface—"Deacon Smith, I beg you will explain your meaning."

The elder's thin lips met in a malicious sneer, as though he strove to suppress the inward hate which he felt. "You're a bad man!" he muttered in a hissing tone, casting a malignant look at the minister.

"I know not what you mean," repeated Mr. Gurney, his countenance turning pale, and his frame trembling with the recollection of his late criminal intentions with regard to the orphan Fanny; so true is the guilty conscience its own accuser, its own judge.

"You know—you do know," cried Deacon Smith, assuming the whining tone of his common conversation, "we have grieved much for you! The church is greatly scandalized by the reports concerning you, Mr. Gurney."

"For heaven's sake, speak out!" cried the pastor in a faint voice.

"Nay, nay, my husband—let him not excite you!" said Mrs. Gurney, approaching the clergyman, and looking up earnestly into his face. "Mr. Smith—I pray you, say no more. He is ill, and—"

"I'll speak out," interrupted the elder. "We are commanded to exhort backsliders."

"But is it my husband to whom you now speak?" returned Mrs. Gurney, mildly. "You would not surely accuse him of backsliding."

"Wouldn't I?" muttered Deacon Smith. "Perhaps I'll accuse him of something worse. Yes, and prove it too, Mrs. Gurney. He knows what I mean. O, what a sinful wretch is man!"

"I will not hear more," cried Mrs. Gurney.—"Deacon Smith, this is unchristian, and—"

"Let him deny it—let him deny it. Oh, Mrs. G., Mrs. G., I pity you, indeed I do—poor deceived woman."

"For heaven's sake, my husband, tell me what this man means!" exclaimed the wife, with an alarmed look at the pastor.

"I can tell you," cried Deacon Smith. "He'll no doubt deny it, but it must come out. Yes, indeed, the church must know that he has another wife—another wife, Mrs. Gurney. Poor woman, to be so deceived!"

Mrs. Gurney, as this terrible charge fell from the elder's lips, felt her strength almost forsake her, and she would have fallen had not her husband's outstretched arms supported her. Her eyes met his, and beheld the expression of his face.—One glance was enough for the wife's heart—and with a calm voice, she said, "Deacon Smith, you may reserve your pity. Your charge is false—I know my husband is innocent."

"It's true—it's true," cried the deacon, with his malicious laugh. "Why don't he deny it? It's

because he *knows* it, and I know it, and if he don't resign his charge of our church, he'll be exposed. That's the long and short of the matter."

"If you have any mercy, leave us," cried Mrs. Gurney. "See how you have agitated my husband. I know not what is your motive in asserting this falsehood—but now, for heaven's sake, say no more."

"He'll hear from me," muttered the deacon, casting another look of hypocritical pity on the wife, and a glance of ill-concealed malice upon Gurney. "The chaff must be thrashed out of the wheat—verily, it is written."

The lank figure of the malevolent elder disappeared, and Gurney, uttering a low moan, sank into the arms of his wife.

His head rested upon her bosom—that bosom which beat with pure affection for him. Her eyes, beautifully trustful, were fixed on his own. "My wife," murmured he, in a broken voice, "my true wife!"

The heart of the strong man gushed forth at his eyes; and the tears of husband and wife were mingled.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FALSE WITNESS.

"Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor."  
(DECALOGUE)

BURNYCOAT led his companion, Morrell, away from the low bar-room in which he had hinted to him of a proposed plot, and arm in arm the two proceeded along the streets.

It is a remarkable feature about the city of Boston, that a good deal of outward piety is everywhere visible. The stranger, as he strolls, after nightfall, through the most frequented thoroughfares, hears the solemn tones of the church-bell, and beholds throngs of well-dressed people, turning from the sidewalk into various brilliantly lighted and elegantly ornamented churches, whence the sound of a popular clergyman's mellifluous voice, or the soul-raising harmony of the organ, invites the attention of the passer-by. "It is beautiful—it is good," says the stranger, beholding this evidence of piety.

And now, as Burnycoat and the Freethinker took their way through the streets, they threaded the throngs of people who were crowding to their favorite churches. And in the chapels, and vestries, and halls of the good city of Boston, at this hour, were met together multitudes of long-breathed and devout brethren and sisters, offering up studied prayers to the ear of heaven, while their hearts were full of deceit, and treachery, and all uncleanness. Ay, in truth, while the lips of hundreds of these church-goers poured forth prayers for pardon and mercy, their secret thoughts were shaping out plots of cruelty and wrong. In the temple of a pure God were met this night many whose souls were leprous with hypocrisy.

And, O! avenging justice, what else takes place this night? What other places are thronged besides the churches and vestries?

Verily, while the hypocrites and dissemblers mock the Searcher of Hearts at his very altar, their sons and their brothers are rioting in the brilliant gambling hells, the glittering drinking saloons, and the thousand other gilded cages that throw out their traps to lure the unsuspecting. Whilst the fathers are hypocrites, the sons are dupes; and the curse of premature age, of disease, and death, is hanging over the generation of the wicked. The sins of the parents are visited woefully upon the children.

But Burnycoat and Morrell troubled themselves not with moralizings like these. They pursued their path until they reached a substantial, well-built house, in a retired street, on the door of which was a brass plate bearing the euphonious and unique letters—"S-m-i-t-h." Burnycoat rang the bell, and, with his companion, was soon in the presence of a tall, thin man, who, in fact, was no other than our acquaintance, the deacon.

When the two visitors had entered the apartment, the elder carefully closed the door. Then, motioning Burnycoat and his companion to be seated, he remarked—"I was expecting you, Robert."

"Always punctual is my motto, deacon," returned the man addressed. "My friend here knows all about the affair we spoke of. But he'll not speak out without a fee. You understand, deacon."

"O, that shall be taken care of," said Deacon Smith. "If your friend is certain enough in regard to the matter to *swear* to the fact," continued he, with a twinkle of his malicious eyes, "there'll be no difficulty about the fees."

"You hear that, Jim," said Burnycoat, sinking his voice, and addressing his companion, who had listened half bewildered to the deacon's remarks. Morrell returned an inquiring look.

"What am I to do?" muttered he.

"Only to *swear*—don't you hear?"

"To what?"

"Why, that the Reverend Job Gurney has two wives, which you know to be the case, and which he has paid you to keep secret. Of course, you can *swear* to that, Jim."

"Knowing the fact," remarked Deacon Smith, quietly.

"And having seen the wife often," pursued Burnycoat. "Of course, you can swear, Jim."

Morrell glanced from one to another of the two schemers, with an idiotic stare. Then, with an oath, he cried—"Yes—I'll swear."

"You see, it's all right, deacon," said Burnycoat.

"Perfectly satisfactory."

"And all that will be necessary is for him to see the *lady*," continued the man in a low voice. "Supposing we all visit her—eh, deacon?"

"Perhaps it will be as well," answered Smith. "But, this man can be trusted—can he?"

"I'll answer for him."

"Let us go then. I will follow you shortly, and you can conduct your friend to Rachel."

"Precisely, deacon. Come, Morrell—let us be moving. Good night, Deacon Smith."

With these words, Burnycoat took Morrell's arm, and led him once more into the street. They

walked quickly away from the house, and it was not till they had proceeded some squares that the former addressed his comrade.

"Jim—are you sober?"

"I'm not drunk," returned the other.

"Do you understand what you are to do?"

"No."

"I will tell you. We go from here to the residence of a young lady, who is the wife of Rev. Job Gurney, but deserted by him, and unable to prove her marriage. You will see her, and be required to swear that you witnessed the ceremony and signed the marriage certificate. Do you understand?" (TO BE CONTINUED.)

## REV. THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D., LATE OF SCOTLAND.

BY MRS. L. G. ABELL.

THAT moral sun has set! but its reflected  
Light beams on us still, and though the calmer  
Rays of its pale glory ceases to dazzle  
Or arouse to life, yet from the records  
Of this mind there beams a radiance  
Borrowed from the skies—

In him we saw the  
Moral grandeur of a giant intellect  
With all its great capacities enlarged—  
Refined—and warmed with love divine, making  
The world its mission field.

Oh had that soul been  
Left, bound only to the sordid actualities  
Of life's low aims, and raised no higher from  
The dust of earth than a mere selfish love  
Has power to raise it, or had he filled his  
Heart with dreams of earthly good, made up a  
Bed of roses for itself to rest upon, dreaming  
Of beauty and delight, drinking the pleasures  
Of this life from golden *Chalice*, when others  
Lie on thorns, or walk the paths of life pierced  
With its poisonous stings: death and a dark  
Oblivion would have claimed that name whose  
Very accent now fills up the mind with high  
And noble thoughts.

Oh blessed Power! that  
New creates, and warms to newer life, that  
Kindles up a flame that e'en the tyrant's  
Breath cannot put out, nor the grave quench!  
It is its kindly force that draws the spirit  
Upward, and stays it up with promises  
And hopes that have their hold on Heaven!  
It is its voice of Mercy that the wretched  
Hear soothing their woe, it gives the cup  
Of water, lifts the fallen up, visits the  
Captive in his chains, goes down and finds the  
Vicious and degraded and brings them out  
To a pure atmosphere of love—of hope—  
Of happiness.

May, 1849.

It was Religion—its  
Heavenly zeal, its kindly charities  
That set all o'er with *gems* and *pearls* the daily  
Life of Chalmers. It was its holy love  
That moved the secret springs swaying a world  
Of mind, in favor of the cross—

To do his Master's will,  
With all his beating heart, his earnest thinking  
Mind—to pour out Truth, till eyes blinded by  
Sin and error should behold the light, and  
Feel its glowing warmth—this was his labor  
Here—and this his highest honor—

Go ask at Morningside  
Why kings and nobles followed there his dust,  
And thousands in the train wept tears of grief;  
A voice will answer thy inquiring spirit  
Soft as an angel whisper, "It is the  
Homage paid to consecrated genius  
And exalted worth."

No hired mourning here—  
No booming guns or hollow pageant in  
This scene of gloom—but better far—the great  
Good man was followed to his rest by hearts  
That loved him—

That lonely spot holds  
But his dust—his noble spirit *lives*, and  
Takes its higher lessons now from Him who  
Made all things! From that high point the  
Planetary world is there spread out for  
His enraptured gaze. 'Tis there he feels the  
Full great value of the soul! No sin to  
Mar his peace—no sorrow there—and *Love* the  
Wonderous theme—*God's love to man* fills up all  
Heaven with joy!

His name on earth will  
Never perish, but like a "*regal gem*"  
It will go down to distant years—his  
Teaching mind recorded on the *world* will  
Give out *Truth* till Time's last stroke shall  
*Cease on Earth*.



ALTON H. H. H.



ASTONISHMENT.

## TALKS WITH YOU—HEAD WORSHIP AND HEART WORSHIP.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"Little children (and ye of larger growth) keep yourselves from idols."

ARE we heathens and pagans that you speak such words to us? And I answer, inasmuch as ye are worshippers of idols, *ye are heathenish!*

God, the Almighty, the Omnipresent, is a spirit; is he therefore less a God, and less a Redeemer, because unseen, unheard? And ye, I say it knowing but too well the mournful *truth* on which my words are based, (for my own human heart attests it,) are worshippers of gold, of pleasure, of fashion, of honor, of applause. Is not this the real difference then, I ask, between you and those heathen—they *embody* their idolatrous thought, and bend the body down, whereas you make a fuller sacrifice to your gods even than they—bending your cultivated intellect, your enlightened spirit too?

Very few who have heard the Saviour's command, "Go ye into all nations, preaching and baptizing in my name," will question that it is well, that it is good and right to send off missionaries to India, and the far-off islands of the ocean, that the ignorant may learn of Him who has created, who alone can save. But, question of yourselves, in the tabernacles of your heart, even in its "holy of holies," have you set up no image—have you not bowed down to the lust of the eye, and the lust of the heart, and the pride of life? Answer to your consciences—(it is as well to do so now as ever, and answer you *must*, and if you think well now some good may come of it)—have you laid no mighty sacrifice, what you acknowledge to be a sacrifice, ay, perchance, it is your soul! before some god of this world? have you not labored and striven with almost superhuman effort to secure some worldly good, some personal advancement? have ye not oftentimes, I will not say always, set your affections on things of earth? From my own conscious, self-condemning spirit cometh a reply, I need not seek it elsewhere.

And yet if we will suffer ourselves to think of this head-worship and heart-worship, we will be forced to ask ourselves, what are they if not united? and, alas, how very seldom are they to be found offered at one shrine? Let us consider of this further.

Peleg Ottley had two children, Jonas and Rebecca, they were called.

The man was a farmer in moderate circumstances—that is he owned a good wife, and a well stocked farm; but some how what he accomplished had ever fallen farshort of what he hoped, and intended, and so in middle age he found himself about as far from the realization of his boyhood's dreams, as when first he had set about accomplishing them.

No one would ever have taken the rough, coarse-featured, "scrubby" farmer for a dreamer, (a poet he certainly was not,)—no one could have fancied, without indulging in the seemingly *wild-est* fancy, that Peleg ever cherished any very exalted aspirations—yet—the truth must be told—

he did once think very queer things about himself and his destiny, and was the entertainer of divers and sundry very strange hopes for his own and his children's future—(in *this* world be it understood.) When the farmer found his castles proving, one after another, of the most unsubstantial, unsatisfactory air, leaving himself and wife the same hard-working, pains-taking, comfortable farmers, his hopes and desires naturally turned towards his children, and his great wish became, as they grew older, that they might be prosperous and happy, and more honored and sought after in the world than their parents had been. And so, after all, he should find a triumph over his hard fortune, through his children!

Rebecca should be a lady, an educated lady, and Jonas should be a scholar and a gentleman. Yes, that was it—people should have occasion to know something about *his* children! and Peleg, as that "thought struck him," buried his hard hands in the thick locks, where the gray was fast conquering the ebony, and dreamed away.

To this end (progress) Jonas and Rebecca went regularly to school in the winters, and at an early age the boy was sent to the village academy, from which Peleg's farm was but a few miles distant, and when he was sufficiently advanced in his studies, Jonas went to college.

And the daughter Rebecca had a six month's schooling in a neighboring seminary, at the end of which time she returned home to the old farm house, quite unspoiled and unwon by the glimpse of village gaiety she had caught, ready to labor, and to aid in all manner of labors. A good, reasonable young creature she was—and, as with "Selma," it was always "thou" with her, and never "I."

Jonas was, from his childhood, what is commonly termed, a "smart boy"—quick at learning and of great promise, so the school-master said, "taking to his book" amazingly, and exploring, with astonishing zeal, the mysteries of all dead and living languages.

How proud the old folks were of him when he went home to spend his last vacation, after having graduated honorably at college, previous to his departure for a neighboring city, where he was to study the law!—for Jonas must be a professional man. His mind had not been instructed and educated so highly that he might merely subside into a common farmer, a feeder of cattle, and a sower and reaper of grain; no indeed!

The old grand parents said Jonas would be an honor to the name of Ottley, and hesitated not to proclaim in the boy's ear their firm belief that he would at least be president some day, and the neighbors, they said they were sure that if he would he could be anything—as for little Lucy Smith, she seemed to think him about the most wonderful youth in the world as he was, and from

her innocent heart she wondered why Jonas should want to go away from all his friends, to strive till he was nearly gray-headed, merely that people should hear of his name, and pay to him the same respectful homage which all the country folks around did even then!

There were a great many tears shed in farmer Ottley's house when the day for Jonas' departure finally came round—for in three long years the boy was not to return home, and the thoughts which naturally arise, or sorrowfully intrude in such parting moments, of death, and the power of temptation, of sickness and disappointment, troubled all minds excepting that of the eager youth.

"You must write to us every week, my boy," said the father, "we shall think of you so very often; and try and be steady; try, and you'll *have* to try—and don't be led away by every breeze—whoever prospers in this world must work hard, and must keep steady at his business."

"You'll be a man when you come back, Jonas," said the mother, trying to smile; "it will seem a great while—be sure you don't let us hear anything bad of you, and, as grandpa' says, you'll be a great person yet!"

But Rebecca, the young sister, the quiet, loving girl, was the only one who had bidden the boy remember that there was something besides honor to win and respectability to maintain. She had said to him, when walking alone with him the evening before his leaving home, when he had disclosed to her his high hopes and great intentions, "I dread your going away this time, dear Joe, more than I ever did before. You will be *free* to what you ever have been, and I know there is so much danger when one goes into the city to live among wild young men. I know you are not wild, or worse than others, and I believe from my heart you are a great deal better than the most of men, but it has always seemed a dreadful thought to me, a young man starting out to seek his fortune in the world. And, dear Joe, do listen with patience just while I say this—study; but don't study too hard, thinking you are going to be famous, and all that. It is a good deal better to have a *good* name than a *great* one. Grandpa' calls you president, and I've seen your eyes flash while you heard it—it seemed to me as though you were saying to yourself, 'I will be great.' Just think how old and worn a man must be before he can have power and great worldly honor. Don't forget yourself, and strive for fame more than anything else—if you make *that* your idol I shall fear for you, because it is not right to seek first and always the good things of earth!"

And Jonas had listened attentively to the words of the young girl—and had kissed her while he said, "Never fear, Beckey, I'm not going to make a slave of myself to ambition or anything else—if fame *comes to me*, well and good—but if not"—and the sentence was ended with a careless snatch of a merry tune that quieted the sister's fears.

Jonas went to the city, and was articled clerk in the office of two distinguished practitioners. It was very fortunate for the young man that there was a vacancy at the time of his application; and

it was well, too, that they who were to be his office companions were gentlemen, who set him the example of diligent unvarying activity.

The great and important business entrusted to "the firm," the deserved celebrity they had acquired, and the wealth and honorable station they had gained solely by their own exertions, (for both the lawyers had been poor and friendless when they first entered the profession,) aroused the ambition of the youth, and the hopes which all the parents advice had helped to foster.

Therefore, perhaps, it was not any way remarkable that Jonas Ottley should have resolved, before he had lived a month in the bustling city, that he would, ere he was as old as his employers, be as honored and as well known as were they.

Very few were the acquaintances he made, and they were among the studious, respectable and moral class. To make a sensation in society, or to win the admiration and love of women, was not his desire, and there was no danger that Jonas would ruin himself by dissipation, for temptation to all indulgence was unheeded by him. Ambition, instead of love of selfish gratifications, was aroused; there was far more need for fear that *that* spirit would prove the destroyer!

The three years of study passed rapidly away, and how cheering were the tidings which, from time to time, reached his home in the country, and the loving hearts assembled there, of the studious habits and respectable progress of "dear Jonas!" Some of the country or village people had been to the city; they had seen how handsome and tall the young man had grown, how gentlemanly his address was—kindly he had greeted them, seeming so glad to see his rustic, homely friends, and the old folks' eyes glistened while the returned travellers went on to say how tenderly Jonas had asked after his father, and mother, and little Beckey, and the old grandparents—though the youth, by his frequent letters, had sufficiently proven to them all that he was far from forgetting them. But the best of all—yes, it was better to old Peleg and Nancy, his wife, than the thought of his beauty or affectionate remembrance, the knowledge that the son was coming up to their expectations in point of talent and—progress! Approving words the lawyers had spoken of him—the high repute in which he was held by the young men of business and steady habits—all this fell like balm on the dreaming old soul, Peleg; and he dreamed the faster, and he wished from his heart that he had now some better, or more serviceable homage or offering, to lay before his son Jonas than mere love; and while the father dreamed, the mother blessed her boy, and thought of his fine prospects, and prayed they might not be blasted; and the old "grandpa'" hurra'd for the president; and Beckey—hoped that Jonas might be always happy, and not aspire too high.

There was a family altar in Mr. Ottley's house. There every morning the parents and the daughter met to yield their homage and best love to God! Stay, should I say that? Could He who will not receive homage that is not of the heart and undivided, could He have been satisfied with

the homage which they offered up? Why, they had no *idols*! Those smoke-stained images, which ever since Rebecca's childhood had stood on the little parlor-mantel, were not images of worship and gods! they did not bow down to senseless forms of wood or gold—they made no sacrifices to "stocks and stones!" they did not pretend to Boodhism, Samaism, or any other *such* ism—their minds were clear of superstition, they bent to and acknowledged but one Lord; the Head Homage most assuredly they gave, and the father, and grandfather, were deacons in the church, and had, for years, and always, acknowledged the eternal truth, "there is no God but God!" People, without any hesitation, called them good, consistent christians—and far be it from me to say that they were not—still I *do* wish I could say that they obeyed more implicitly, even than they did, that first commandment—they may have kept it to the letter, but as to the spirit, did they in truth have, and adore, "no God but God?"

Rebecca Ottley was a fair young girl, of pleasant countenance, amiable and loving, who lived more for others than herself, or rather found her highest enjoyment, her perfect happiness in living for others, and in exerting herself to secure their comfort and welfare—and such natures never fail to find even in their exertions an abundant reward.

Her education, though by no means so finished as was that of her brother, was good, and her mind had been improved, and refined, and enriched, by much reading. Vigorous, active, independent in the popular sense of the word, or strong-willed, Rebecca certainly was not—but she was a quiet, affectionate girl, who honored her parents, loved nature, and thought her Jonas a very king among men. Unsuspecting, cordial in her attachments, impressed with a firm belief that all people do to the very best of their ability—and, also, confident in the thought that there is much more of good in the world than people are for the most part disposed to acknowledge. Rebecca Ottley was as guileless, and estimable, and loveable a maiden, as one in this world of sin, and abundant corruption, will often chance to see.

It was no very great marvel then certainly, that a youth so susceptible as was William Mason, should think upon her with a little more than ordinary interest. And what of William Mason?

A very rich old gentleman, heartily sick and tired of the

"Unceasing toil and endeavor"

of a city life, had purchased a splendid farm adjoining Peleg Ottley's, and there with his wife and only child, the aforesaid William, had come to pass the remainder of his life.

An acquaintance was ere long formed between the practised and the amateur farmer, and of course between their children also, and before the first winter of their acquaintance was nearly ended, it became quite evident that a very intense kind of friendship had been contracted between Rebecca and William. But it must sure have been the attraction of dissimilarity which united these two, for William Mason was neither handsome, nor graceful, nor particularly amiable,

neither was the amount of his book learning by any means amazing—and one listening to the common places, which he usually made the vehicles for expressing his thoughts, would not have supposed the young man astonishingly eloquent. Nevertheless, (and all lovers, of the present or past tense, will understand what *that* means,) Rebecca Ottley loved her "chosen" sincerely and devotedly. Yes, in as full, ay, in a more full degree than scripture commandeth—better than father, or mother, or even brother—better, or even *as* she loved life, for through him existence was made to her a thousand times more beautiful. I would not by any means say that Rebecca on that account was a *weak* woman! but this I aver, that she, forgetful that she had eyes of her own, saw not, save through his visual organs—heard only with his ears, lived in his life—and the lover was just that sort of personage to whom such adoration is most acceptable.

In his estimation, "the beauty of wedded life is the dependance of the wife upon the husband," dependance, not only for the supply of all physical wants, but dependance also for the spiritual sustenance!

Oh, misery! if the wife find in a time of dire necessity, when wearied with a long march through the desert of life, that she has depended for refreshment and sustaining power on a broken cistern that holds no water!—oh, sorrow that "hath no name," if after long-continued hope she is constrained to lie down of exhaustion, and perish a very beggar, when she is forced to feel that the only source from whence she ever sought aid, proves to her utterly inadequate!

\* \* \* \* \*

William Mason and Rebecca Ottley were married.

Peleg and his wife remained at home alone—but, though both the lights had now gone from the old farm house, darkness was not there. The prosperity of their children was a great soother for the parents and a goodly comfort in their loneliness—for very much pleased were they with their young son-in-law; and the bright prospects each year improving and developing to their son, filled them with intense satisfaction.

Jonas Ottley also married. Not the little Lucy Smith whom he had always called his wife, in the days when he went with her and Rebecca to the district school, though Lucy was still unmarried, and working like a slave in the farm house where she lived with the childless people (who by the way, had quite forgotten that *they* were ever children,) who had adopted her in her infancy, when she was orphaned and homeless.

A city lady of high connexions, poor but beautiful, high-spirited, witty, wilful and brilliant, was the woman the young lawyer chose to share his rising fortunes. The course of Jonas was a *naturally* upward one—one that had few impediments. Already he had a name in the city he had made his home, for being studious, careful, and attentive in business habits—he had the confidence of the clients who employed him, and it was well placed—they had never occasion to regret it.

But with his success the young man's desire increased. The demands of fashion he paid little

heed to—yet he would fain have a fine establishment—a dazzling wife, and be able to give as noble entertainments as others. To do this, money, more than he had to lavish on such things, must be procured. Wealth of itself he set little value on; wealth as a means of advancement was quite another thing—and the labors of his profession began to have a two fold interest in the young man's eyes. Fame and riches! ah, talk not of Moloch! Gold to buy the homage of fools! Fame to purchase the honor of the world—and for these

"To waste the light of day,  
Night's better beauty, feeling, fancy, thought,  
All that he had, and was, for these—for naught!"

Oh, indeed, "*for naught!*"

Jonas was much changed since that day when he left his country home to study in the city. Constant endeavor, unceasing exertion, had chilled his heart and contracted its generous impulses—he had learned to look scornfully on the little humble joys of life. Week in and week out, he was constantly in his office plodding, or in the court room stirring all hearts by his eloquence, and influencing and swaying the opinions of men in cases where life and death were at issue. He had it in his power to mould the wills of determined men—to convince the stubborn, to subdue all who opposed themselves to him. Power by degrees usurped the place of love, strength gained the mastery over tenderness, and Jonas, the great advocate, became an ungenial husband and a stern (I had almost said tyrannical—cold, or forgetful, would be a better word here) father.

Agnes Ottley was proud of her husband's reputation and great talents—but she did not make him the *idol* of her heart. Yet was she not saved from this sin because of her conviction of the moral wrong attending such kind of worship? Not because she would acknowledge no earthly god; but simply that he had cheated her heart in its freshness of being, of its rightful possession—and chilled her love, and stifled her devotional impulses towards him by his coldness—because he would not be the sunshine and glory of her spirit's life—because he had forced upon her the conviction there were things he sought after more than happiness—things that had no life and no worth indeed, save that the false imagination has given them.

The children of Jonas Ottley never approached him with that confidence which constitutes the beauty and abiding strength of the union between parent and child.

As they grew up, they learned to seek in their mother a protector and shield when they had incensed their stern father, and she, as sadly wanting as they in the confidence which springs from mutual trust and affection, at last came to appear in their eyes as a shield and protector—a defender and also a hider of their faults and misdoings.

When they were suffering from their father's displeasure, the boys were furnished by her with money and consolation, for she commiserated them, and thought their punishment oftentimes heavier than was necessary or right. And when her son's demands became too frequent, or too great, as it is needless to say they speedily did,

there was a way in which they might speedily be silenced—by threatening an exposure of their extravagance to their father! And thus between fear for one parent, and almost disrespect for the leniency of the other, which were the natural consequences of such domestic government, the misery of that household was not far from its completion, for when such seeds are sown it needs no very far-seeing eye to tell what fruits will be borne of them!

When confidence, "the key-stone of the arch," is gone—when love, the sustaining pillar, is broken,—what ruin of domestic peace and happiness may not be looked for?

"May the Lord God have mercy" on all such households!

In his childhood the heart-affections of Jonas Ottley had been as tender, and as free from all that tend to corrode or harden the heart, as had been his sister Rebecca's. But the parents had never thought to incite her to ambitious exertion—they had never thought of bidding her, as to all intents they had bidden him, to labor above all things for honor, and for wealth. She had been suffered to live chiefly for love—as a cherisher of the spirit's best affection—her heart had never been closed with unseemly haste against all that keeps alive in the soul that which is lofty, good, and true.

Mahometanism is preferable, perhaps, to Boodhism. The worship Rebecca gave her husband was not, it may be, so soul destroying as that her brother yielded up to his idols, and yet methinks—no matter what!

In the early part of his wedded life Jonas Ottley had lost one son, the youngest of the three which had been born to him. The child was of uncommon mental and personal beauty—and his innocence and affectionateness of disposition, and quietness of manner, made the child the pet and delight of the whole household. When his spirits were unnerved by long and intense application to study and business, the father had been particularly gracious and attentive to this child, and had evinced for him more of paternal affection than for either of his elder children. This boy sickened and died. Jonas did not mourn over him with any extravagance of grief—nor deeply, as a poorer parent would have been apt to mourn the death of one among many. Some few tears he did shed, but he was ashamed of them, and no one ever heard him naming the little one with regret after his funeral day.

In the hour of bereavement, when the little fellow lay in his coffin, and the stately father, with face so composed and stern, gazed on him for the last time, the weeping mother would have gladly exchanged all the honors clinging to her husband's name for a sympathizing breast, a loving heart, from which to find comfort in her great affliction.

The two remaining children grew up to manhood talented, but with no idea of cultivating or improving their talents—dissolute and unprincipled. The mother became a leader of fashion, for she had never learned the meaning of domestic affection and happiness—and by the prominent position held by her husband she was forced into the gay world, where her womanly vanity, and an

innate love of display, were all aroused, and as it came to pass, that in her prime of life, there was not a woman in the great city so brilliant and charming as was the wife of Jonas Ottley—and in spite of this (think of it ye who look with envious eyes upon “the idol of a crowd”) Agnes, the admiration, the love, and the life of a polished circle, felt in her heart how that less than nothing worth was the homage paid her—and bitter, bitter, tears were those the lady wept over her children’s folly, and her husband’s coldness. Oh, it had been well for her then had she made *God* her god!

As they grew older, the young men set utterly at naught the counsel of their mother—they did not need it, they thought, for they had discovered other ways by which to obtain money than by begging of her. And her entreaties, and the brief rebuking words their father sometimes addressed to them, came to be alike disregarded.

But, in the midst of those parent’s honor, and of fashionable publicity, a woe, that had for many years been gathering its strength, fell upon them, and the fame that Jonas had acquired could not avert it, nor could the spirit, or grace, or beauty of Agnes Ottley turn it aside. It did not come in the shape of death—that being the “common lot” of all born into the world, they could have endured, either coldly or patiently—it did not come in the shape of loss of fortune, that had not so deeply afflicted them, nor dismayed them, for neither the husband or wife were mercenary beings. They could have borne death or poverty better than dishonor, and it was dishonor that was in store for them, given through their eldest son!

He had rushed headlong into every dissipation and folly, and at last forged bills to a great amount on his father—not to pay his debts which were contracted every where, but to secure him the means to elope with a wife and a mother—an opera dancer, who, destitute of all refinement, or mental beauty, had won the fassinate admiration of the infatuated youth! It is said that “love is blind,” and that profound truth helps us amazingly in quieting our wonderment, on beholding the earthly consummation of *matches made in Heaven*—and it is a very useful truth in this instance also, for now having stated it in reference to Jonas Ottley’s unfortunate eldest, you will not expect me to stop longer to tell you all about how the opera woman won him.

There was a sad scene in Mr. Ottley’s beautiful dwelling, the night when the father, having discovered whose was the forgery upon him, and having ascertained beyond a doubt the shameful departure of his son, returned home to break the intelligence of the boy’s dishonor to his wife.

He found Agnes alone. She was just returned from the opera, and never seemed she so dazzlingly beautiful to her husband as on that night, and he wondered how he could have for so long forgotten that she was a splendid woman. Astonished at his early return, for it was very rarely that Jonas left his office till near midnight, his wife gladly welcomed him, and to amuse him, he seemed so gloomy, she entered into a gay description of the brilliant scene of amusement from which she was returned. But speedily was she

silenced by the cold, sharp voice of the husband, who exclaimed:

“For God’s sake, madam, cease! I have not come home to hear about such trash and stuff as that! I wonder if any woman ever had a thought in her head beside of dress and gait?”

“Perhaps,” replied his wife coldly, “if you had chosen to find out that at an earlier day your curiosity might have been easier gratified. I am not aware that you ever attempted to find anything to care for, or *love* in a *woman*! our married life certainly has not proved it!”

“Tell me then for what should man and woman live?” exclaimed the husband, for, bewildered by the shame fallen on his name which all his pride and wealth could not keep at bay, he began to suspect that neither he or his wife had learned to properly understand and comprehend life.

“I will tell you if you wish to know,” answered Mrs. Ottley, “though it seems to me you have wisdom enough to reply to the question yourself, if you would. Man should not marry that he may have a settled home, that he may so secure his comfort, and then desert a wife utterly in every way save that the world would call deserting. He should not dare vow to love, honor and cherish, and then give only a fortune and a name—if he does so he will soon enough find for what, and to what, a woman of any spirit, by the necessities of her nature, is compelled to live. If you have wedded yourself so unreservedly as you know, and as I know you have, to business and fame, what is left to me? Do you think it satisfies me that you have performed with me the ceremonial of marriage? Am I content to be known as the partner of your good fortune—the keeper of your house, and as bearing your name? Am I to glory in a life, the sunlight of which is to come so coldly and in such a meager way through you? It seems to me that *you* should be the last to wonder that I have become, at my time of life, a leader of fashion, virtually mocking at youth, and love, and womanly duty, by my careless, senseless way of living! *You* should not be the one to express astonishment, that I do not cling closer and more devotedly to our home, when heaven knows beyond its beauty, and *that* wealth has made, it has not for me one attraction!”

The wife spoke nervously, and bitterly, for she felt that she had indeed been cheated of love, and all that constancy of wedded devotion in which her young heart was a most fervent believer, when she became Jonas Ottley’s wife.

“Agnes,” said the husband at length, and the words he spoke came forth reluctantly, as though for the first time in many years (so at least it seemed to her,) awakened to a real interest and feeling for his wife. “Agnes, I did not come home to night, I have not spoken so to you, to arouse your anger; nor to offer or listen to abuse—and I must consider your words somewhat abusive—I came to tell you of disgrace that has befallen us—to speak words, the thought of whose truth burns my brain—oh, God! oh, God!”

In a moment she was beside him, all anger vanished from her face, and tears were in her eyes: “Forgive me, forgive me, that I have spoken so, and at such a time,” she said.

"Our boy Herbert—he has gone," murmured the father, as though he feared to hear the sound of his own words, "he has married one of the opera corps—one of the dancers—and has gone I cannot find where, and, Agnes, that is"—but he was speaking to one who heard no more what he was speaking than the sculptured images upon the mantel. Pale as death, for a moment she stood looking in terrible amazement on her husband, and then with a loud cry fell to the floor.

In more than one home, at that very moment, people were marveling at and extolling the wonderful beauty and superb dignity of that woman—they did not see her—no one save her alarmed husband saw her in her time of agony and humiliation—for that oldest boy, despite his wild folly and want of all parental respect, had been to the heart of the mother an idol—in her inmost soul she had worshipped him, and it had been the highest joy that had ever fallen to her superficial life, the power to dream of what he might, and perhaps yet would be! Her first born, her darling! she had

" ————— Smoothed

His couch and sung him to his rosy rest,  
Caught his first whisper, when his voice from hers  
Had learned soft utterance; pressed her lip to his  
When fever parched it; hushed his wayward cries,  
With patient, vigilant, never-weary love!"

She had trusted much to the fancy that he would soon weary of the ignoble pleasure he sought. She believed, and prayed, that the high talents with which he was gifted, would soon press so heavily upon him that he would be forced to arouse, and exert, and employ them. She had consoled herself with the thought that he was not vicious, that the temptations which beguiled him would soon lose their power—she had dreamed that, if wild and gay, he was not evil-minded; but now he was dishonored and fled—and with a guilty companion! Ah, indeed, Death is not the only Iconoclast!

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But the parents lived on through their grief and shame, and the time that elapsed might not be counted by years, when they had, to all outward appearance, totally forgotten the dreadful hour, when they, for the first time in their lives, heartily sympathized in their sorrows.

With redoubled ardor, *that he might forget his trouble*, Jonas Otley plunged into the mysteries of business, and won more of the fame, and applause, and honor, that is awarded ever to such consummate ability and "unceasing endeavor," as was his.

Socially and politically what high station he had now, but you who have looked with attentive eyes on the Drama of Life, will not ask if he was content therewith. I never yet heard any say "I have enough," save one, whose deeds every day of his life belied his words!

And now tell me—how much better than a heathen was Jonas Otley? Rather I will tell you just how much.

He was not barbarous—not a cannibal—did not make reverence to fish, or the sun, or the stars! He had surrounded himself with all the luxuries of life, and he exercised his mind, and by so doing

gained the applause and admiration of his generation!

Certainly, he would have been amazed had any dared to call him an idol worshipper—a heathen! He would have thought it an insult had one said to him, "thou art no believer in God!" And yet if faith shows itself by works (and we are told that without works faith is dead and avails not) what had he ever done to prove his belief in God, save by partaking at stated times the sacrament, and by participating once a week in the services of holy worship?

Verily the heathen are truer to their faith, and are more sincerely and honestly worshippers, than was he! He gave money to the poor—pray what did he know of charity? He professed faith in Jehovah, but he knew Him not. He had a hope, it was bounded by the good things, and the pride, and pomp of a vain world—he was wise, and of subtle thought, and a great reasoner, but yet centered his all on things which bore upon their surface, visible to his seeing eye, graven by the hand of God, "passing away!"

Of the remaining son, who was rapidly following in the footsteps of his brother, but little remains to be said. His history was a brief, but an awful one.

That he might be far removed from the temptations and beguilements which surrounded him in his city home, the father procured for him a lieutenancy in the navy, and, in a vessel bound for China, the young man went abroad.

The parents never beheld him again; for long before the years that were to elapse before his return had passed, the stern heart and the proud head of Jonas Otley was again bent in shame and agony, and the face of Agnes was withdrawn from the gay crowd, for the tidings came to them that the boy who only remained to them, in whom latterly they had suffered much of hope to centre, had, for a fearful crime in a foreign land, paid the death penalty!

Among strangers, where the authority of his father's name would not avail to save, in a moment of passion he had shed blood—and "by man must his blood be shed!"

It would seem that the father had been suffered to win power and fame only that he might be punished a hundred fold in such humiliation! Indeed, indeed, he had paid dear for all that he had attained in the eyes of the world, giving up the best years of his life to the drudgeries of a laborious profession—suffering the love of his heart from coldness to languish into death—sacrificing his parental duties to secure the triumph of a day! How purely selfish seemed to him, ay even to him, in the hour of that last great affliction, all his life-labor! Not a child left who would, when he was in his grave, perpetuate on earth the fame he had won!—not one in whose exertions at a later day, when the time for his own labor had gone by, he could live over again his early trials, conflicts and victories! Yes, he had paid dear—and he knew that he had robbed himself of happiness—defrauded himself of peace—suffered with open eyes to become a bankrupt in a court higher than any he had ever ruled in yet!

Agnes Otley never appeared again in that gay

world of fashion, where she had reigned and administered laws arbitrary as those of the Medes and Persians. The last household joy the wretched woman had counted upon as hers was removed—and with its removal the last connecting link, as it seemed, between herself and her husband was severed. And it was not a sorrow that had fallen on them, which they could endure “and be silent,” feeling that for some wise purpose heaven had afflicted and chastened them. Such sorrows bring always with them a God-sent consolation. When Jonas and Agnes Otteley reflected on their misfortunes the doubt would haunt them, and torment them almost to madness—had they, in their pursuit of other things besides their children’s spiritual good, been the direct causes of their ruin? Had they *ever* been the parents they should have been? Had they not indeed totally unfitted them for manhood, and tempted them to folly, and to sin, by their own example?

Alas, for the parents who are forced to ask of themselves such questions, when the condemning answer their conscience forces will not avail for ever!

Would you ask of the still later manhood of Jonas Otteley?

I have seen an old man, very, very old, though not because of the lapse of years since his natal-hour. He has not yet seen three-score and ten; but there are furrows on his cheek, and deep lines on his forehead, and his hair is white as snow. And I have heard that in his early youth that aged man gave the brightest promise to the future, for that he was *ambitious*, and gifted with a strong and powerful intellect—and how that in his manhood, older men looked reverently to him, and wise men prized him—how that his voice was potent in the halls of legislation, and that his legal fame went abroad over all the land. And of his wealth, they did not tell of that, for I could see his broad possessions, and I knew that men held for him the title deeds of estates immense; and towns and villages had been named with his name. It seemed a mystery when I looked on the faded eyes, and saw their meaningless glare. His lips would move incessantly as the servants led him through his beautiful grounds, but when the passer by would pause, he heard no sounds intelligible issuing from them—and it seemed so strange, for the voice of that man was like a clarion once, ringing out truths, and principles, that startled, and

delighted, and amazed the multitude! And when I saw the childish look of terror, or of glee, aroused by the least occasion, and beheld again the almost brutish expression of indifference and dumbness, say, do you wonder that I found it hard to realize that he was yet scarcely past his prime of life, as that is reckoned by years? or that I almost doubted, when they told me, the glance of his eyes had been like fire falling on his adversaries, and that the bent figure had been noted for its majesty?

He was not near the age of that “old man eloquent,” who, when his hair was white, and his limbs grew weak, was still found laboring for the cause of civil freedom—who, while his voice was uplifted in the honored halls where its echoings had been so often heard, received even there his death summons—I say he was not nearly so old as that admirable, *great* old man, and yet one would have thought he had outlived a century!

And when I asked, seeing him always attended by menials, if the man had no wife or child, to care for him in his miserable condition, they told me that his lady had died of a broken heart—that she had been once beautiful as her husband was gifted—that she had been beloved by many, and by them who had but rarely looked on her lovely face, with a better love than her husband cherished for her—and when they spoke of her they wept over a life that proved so fearfully wretched, which might have been, but for the untowardness of *fate*, so gloriously happy. And of their children—alas! you need not to hear more of them—for you have heard it all, and you have seen what has been the doom of Jonas Otteley!

Methinks it were a sight old Peleg might almost rouse from his grave to see—this miserable ending of the great hopes he dreamed, when his boy first started in life. At the time of his death, Jonas was in the height of his pride and prosperity, and the thought surely never entered his head, when with his dying breath he blessed his children, that ere many years should pass that son, in whom he gloried, would be reduced to a state of childish helplessness—his fine mind shattered—his race of honor to all intents fully run!

And of that other child Rebecca, she who made an idol of her love—have patience, and “another day” I’ll tell you what I heard, or—dreamed of her.

## TO —————.

BY C. W. HOLDEN.

THOUGH Absence fain would blunt the sharpened edge  
Of Retrospection—vain and hopeless task!  
And Distance rears 'twixt lovers hearts a hedge,  
Whose lengthened leagues interminable bask  
Upon the waters, seeming like the mask,  
Whose hideous features hide bright Beauty's eye  
Within the coarse grotesqueness of its casque,  
Believe not that thy last, sad, farewell sigh  
Is blotted from my thoughts by clouds of foreign sky.

Erstwhile there dwelt within my boyish heart,  
A childish love which passing hours beguiled;  
Which daily seemed new pleasures to impart,  
Taught me to smile when'er thy lip had smiled;  
Awoke stern manhood in the slender child,  
And, when the fleeting years repose in night,  
Sedately taming all that once grew wild,  
My passion rose to that erratic height, [night.  
That thou wert daylight's queen, and goddess of the

O glorious passion! warmed and nursed to life,  
Bringing man's heart thy joys and ills as dower,  
Thy tenderest impulse ever crowned with strife,  
Thy bliss exhuming deadliest hate each hour,  
Thou combination of extremes in power,  
Thou jewel set with gems of mental light,  
They the bright leaves, and thou the priceless flower,  
How glow thy beauties when the adverse night [site.  
Leaves naught but thee and Hope to gild Misfortune's

Ye glowing hours that mark the trysting place  
Of Youth and Manhood! Ye are with me still!  
Not years of deepest sorrow could efface  
Thy tints Elysian though it were my will;  
In Love's climax, thy eminence the hill,  
Where man, replete with architectural pride,  
Erects his castles with consummate skill;  
When years the huge foundation stones have tried,  
Joys, pleasures, sorrows, hopes, lay mingled side by side.

Oh! could I hope one moment to recal  
The shadows of the Past, and live once more  
'Midst the routine of verdant feasts, and all  
Those quiet walks by twilight on the shore,  
And shady rides, whose loss I now deplore,  
Could'st hear again the words I once did hear,  
Or vie with thee in horticultural lore,  
And pluck Clematis in the moonlight clear, [dear.  
The hours would pass as swift as now the thought is

But no! thy image lives save in the thought,  
Thy form is mirrored now but in my dreams;  
Great ocean's dark concomitants have taught  
My glimpse of thee must come when midnight gleams;  
And when, through latticed casement, moonlight streams

Athwart my couch, there glides a lovely face,  
Whose lustrous eyes are lost in ambient beams,  
Which, sparkling, play upon an earthly Grace,  
Young Hebe with Diana joined in sweet embrace.

Luxurious South! across resplendent fields  
Incessant glides thy most voluptuous breeze;  
Thy every floweret sweetest perfume yields,  
Then dallies gently with luxuriant trees,  
Or, meandering swift 'mongst fragrant grasses, flees  
Expiring 'neath the cocoa's spiral leaf;  
Thy youthful smiles would melt the hearts that freeze  
In colder climes, and yet I own no grief  
To bid farewell to friends with whom my joy was brief.

Where austere skies upraise a frigid front,  
And dash their chilly winds on snowy ground,  
Where ice-clad mountains bear the heaviest brunt  
Of elemental warfare, which has crowned  
Their summits with eternal snow, and bound  
Their brows with wreaths of everlasting white;  
There seek I loving hearts wherein abound  
Those pure exquisite tones of love whose light  
Incarnates beauteous day, and bids me shun the night.

Once more I walk with thee the rocky strand  
While 'neath us mighty ocean from repose  
Lifts to and fro, as though to kiss thy hand,  
Yet dar'st not soil the spot where Beauty grows;  
Thy radiant cheek in matchless color glows,  
Thy lip the eloquence of love imparts,  
Poesy thy eyes, thy voice the ardent prose,  
Which to my soul as love impromptu darts,  
And in my breast records the union of two hearts.

As wandering now beneath a sultry sun,  
My thoughts tend homeward o'er the bounding main,  
To thee whose youthful beauties early won  
Chivalric hearts to worship in thy train,  
Vouchsafe to grant my dedicatory strain  
A welcome in thy breast, nor deem it wrong  
That I should dare to soothe the pangs of pain,  
Dissevered ties entail, and trusting long  
To read thy sweet response to this my fervent song.

Farewell, farewell! as yonder giant hill,  
'Neath whose enormous shades I now indite,  
May thy affection live secure, nor ill  
Indoctrinate to mine precocious blight;  
When o'er thy couch depends serenest night,  
Enshrouding hopes and joys in slumbers sweet,  
May dreaming fancies teach thy curtailed sight,  
That though no more midst flowery walks we meet,  
Our souls may yet commune with purest love replete.  
Panama, S. A., March, 1849.

## A VISIT TO A MAN.

BY SIGMA.

READER—friend, we cannot furnish you a "Pulpit Sketch" this month. Circumstances which we could not control have prevented us. We struggled against the fates, but we struggled in vain. We know you will miss it, for we miss even an old post that has always stood faithfully in its place, but we trust that you will not gladly miss it, for we bear in mind the interest that attaches to the distinguished characters of whom we write. In lieu of the sketch we present an off-hand narrative of a visit to one who was graduated many years ago at Lane Theological Seminary, of which the distinguished and revered Dr. Lyman Beecher is the president. This keen scrutinizer of character has said of Theodore W., the hero of this story, that, without exception, he possessed more talent than any one who was ever graduated at Lane Seminary. We believe that he has never performed the professional duties of a clergyman, and of late he rarely addresses public audiences. When he does, his words are not forgotten. He is one of the few orators who entrance an audience; yet not so much by the charm of delivery as by the startling vigor and striking originality of the thoughts. He is now a farmer-recluse. The world has lost him. We are sorry for it, because, poor as the world is, it can ill afford to lose such noble integrity and such commanding talents. Perhaps he is one of those "of whom the world is not worthy;" and, perhaps, on the other hand, he has not borne with the frailties of mankind as becomes a reformer. We trust that the truthfulness of the description will atone for the tameness of the narration, and the "kernels of wheat," gathered from Mr. W.'s richly stored mind, for the "bushel of chaff."

"Are you aware that the once noted Theodore W. lives in this town?" asked a fair cousin, whom I was "cousining" a year or more since.

"Ah! is that true? I would like right well to see him," I replied.

"I wish you could. He is a strange, original, eccentric, genius. You doubtless know of his ultra, anti-slavery, opinions, but his mode of life is more ultra and *outré* than his opinions. It is said that he discards southern sugar and cotton cloth, and lives on bran bread and water, and, stranger than all, he never wears cap or hat, summer or winter, never attends church, and reads no book but the bible. So they say."

"Ah! that is the story which 'They say' is circulating. I feel a keener anxiety than ever to see him. I love to meet with these men whom the world ridicule. The world call them mad, but often times their madness is noble wisdom compared with the folly of the world. Oftentimes there is a grand independence, a high-toned integrity, a noble freedom of spirit—a grasp of intellect—which puts to the shame all worldly wisdom, and all this subserviency to the opinions of the mass. They are of that class of whom you

remember Longfellow speaks, as 'in sorrow and privation, and bodily discomfort and sickness, working right on to the accomplishment of their great purposes, toiling much, enduring much, fulfilling much,' and at last have 'laid themselves down in the grave and slept the sleep of death—and the world *talks* of them while they sleep!' Yes, I must see Theodore W. I may gather much wisdom of him."

"But how are you to gain access to his castle? He lives in close seclusion—very few people see him."

"I think that can be accomplished. He is an intimate friend of my uncle, Professor M., and I feel confident will welcome me for his sake."

"But he lives two miles from here, and the horses and carriage are gone. How will you get there? Yes, I have it. If you will go, and report to me your visit, I will put on my hat and walk with you one mile."

"A capital proposal, and it's a bargain."

Hat, shawl, boots and overcoat, were in instant requisition, and in five minutes my fair escort and her protegee were under way.

Kind reader, are you in a critical mood? Are you saying, "A visit to a *man*! What a tame subject! As if men were such curiosities as to need description! I wonder at the admission of such trash in such an excellent magazine."

My criticising friend, bear with me a moment. Do not you enjoy, of a summer evening, when the "tea things" are removed, and the cool and fragrant air steals in at the open window along with the soft moonlight, to hear a gentle tap at the inside door, and have the cordial "come in" answered by the entrance of a sociable, good-looking, entertaining friend, who, with a bright face, buoyant step, and glad tone, says:

"Congratulate me on my rare good fortune. Mr. A. has been talking an hour with me. The generous man!"

"Excellent! I beg of you to sit by my side and tell me all about the conversation."

And your friend takes a seat, all so cozily, and the chat goes on so interestingly—on it goes till a sudden start is followed by—

"Tell me, what hour is it?"

"Only a little after ten."

"After ten! that is cruel—I ought not to have tarried over five minutes."

"I thank you for staying. How quickly the time has past! A delightful evening we have had."

Kind reader, imagine me such a friend, "sociable, good-looking, entertaining," or, if this is too great a stretch of fancy, please retain your hold of this good-looking, entertaining magazine, and read my simple story, which has no "moral" at the end, but, it may be, will suggest some good thoughts, and lead to a more comprehensive charity.

Where were we before this episode? Just starting out for our two miles walk. A splendid Newfoundland dog joined us at the door, in as high glee as ourselves; and as we trudged along on the frozen ground, he was jumping over fences and through hedges, scaring up any quantity of imaginary game. The promised mile was soon measured, and my entertaining guide, pointing far up the road to the place of my destination, said, "My part of the bargain is now done. Come, Rollo—my dog—beau me home."

But "Rollo" (ungallant dog!) declined any such thing. His curiosity was quite as excited as my own. He was evidently anxious to see a human being who eat bran bread, wore no caps, and read his bible—so close at my heels he kept till another mile was passed, and our desired haven loomed in sight. It was a fine old mansion, situated far back from the road, hid in a clump of evergreens—seeming quite hospitable, but rather exclusive. I confess to a little hesitation as I walked up the broad lawn; but I reasoned that a man who reads the Bible exclusively, cannot be very awful, even if he does discard caps and cotton cloth. So I ventured on, and knocked boldly at the door. A bright little fellow answered the summons.

"My boy, is Mr. W. at home?"

"Yes, sir, he is out in the yard, but you mustn't come in, sir."

"Why not, my little man?"

"Why sir—I'm sorry—but you have a large dog, and so have we, and I fear they will fight."

"Oh, very well, I will step around into the yard and find your father."

So, cruising on, I spied at last a man sitting down with his back towards me, and his face towards a cow, which was quietly chewing her cud. He was noble in his appearance, even when seated on a milking stool—the wind dallying with his whitened locks, as they clustered in natural ringlets over his large head and danced about his neck, for he "had no cap on," and it was a blustering winter's day. I knew it was Mr. W., and I said, "Mr. W., my name is Sigma. I am a nephew of Professor M., and I could not leave B. without seeing his friend, Theodore W."

He turned and displayed an open, noble, manly face, with a splendid forehead and a cordial hearty expression of feature.

"John M.—the most glorious fellow that ever lived! Mr. Sigma, I am very glad to see you—walk into the house. Prof. M.—a noble, whole-souled man. Come in, come in. You must see my wife and family. How lately have you heard from your uncle? He is one of the few men who won my whole heart, and my mind too—walk in, walk in—yes, sir, he stormed the citadel, and took it all—my esteem, love, admiration—the whole. I am glad to see you. How are you, sir?"

So he talked on, carrying his milk-pail in his hand to the house, and we went in. Was not that a greeting worth the while? I was ushered into the kitchen, which gradually developed into the nursery, dining-room, and finally into the parlor. My Newfoundland followed me, and was greeted by a low growl from under the table, the murmur that forebodes the storm. This my ani-

mal evidently considered an insult, and was about to challenge its author to a duel, when Mr. W. maintained the peace by ejecting the first party, leaving my Newfoundland undisputed possession of the house. This privilege he began instantly to improve by running under all the tables, plunging his head into all the door-ways, and finally making a bold push for the staircase, with the three children after him—all having a fine romp together. The animal, usually quiet and obedient, seemed to imbibe the very essence of freedom on coming into the house, and had evidently become an ultra abolitionist.

On entering, I was introduced to Mrs. W. and her sister. Belonging to one of the first families of South Carolina, receiving the severe and finished education which wealth, fashion, taste and talent united to bestow, they graced at one time the choicest, most polished society of the land.—And why have they left that brilliant circle, and turned away from their favored lot? Did fortune frown and poverty grow rampant? No. Did friends desert, or foul-mouthed slander injure? No. Did society and social excitement pall? No, none of these. Then why leave all, so bright and beautiful, for a position so humble and a life seemingly so undesirable? I answer, because of *principle*. They came to believe the form and fashion of society false; the laws of etiquette degrading; the demands of style oppressive; and so, with a noble honesty and independence, they resisted.—They declared their rights, and society excommunicated them. They preached high treason against her laws, and society banished them for life.—While we may smile at their eccentricities, and regret their exile and our loss, we cannot but honor their principle and perseverance. It is a great thing to break away from the fetters of fashion. If any one think not, let him try it. It is a great thing to follow on after the honest conviction of right and the dictates of untrammelled common sense, regardless of the outward appearance or the criticism of the world. If any one think not, let him try it. Ye who lounge on silk and damask, and whine about the trammels of society and the impositions of etiquette, try it. Break away from these trammels, and tread down these impositions, *if you dare*. These were the thoughts suggested by the portraits memory has just painted of those ladies, as they met me that afternoon. Fancy a female dressed in the severest simplicity that was even blended in imagination with the severest Puritan—a woolen frock, her garb—with plain waist and scanty skirt, swelled by no tournure, and graced by no artificial curves, with no rings on the hand, no bracelets on the wrist, no silver in the hair, no curls, or lace, or ribbons, utterly destitute of anything which might adorn or beautify—fancy such an one, and you will have the same picture before you which led me, a moment ago, to moralize. Yet they met me with a queenly grace and simplicity, nay, even with a slight *hauteur*, which "blood" alone makes natural, and education usually fails to imitate.

And when they spoke, their conversation made even a greater revelation than their manners. It possessed a finish, a delicacy, and an individuality as rare as it is attractive. Familiar with literature,

science and morals, they safely stand between pedantry and trash, the Scylla and Charybdis of conversation. They talked of books with the interest of authors, of politics with the familiarity of statesmen, of reformers with the earnestness of philanthropists, and of household matters with the practical tone of utilitarians. But to leave generals for particulars. We left the children romping with the dog, while Mr. W. was washing his hands; Mrs. W. forking up the potatoes for the evening meal; and her sister straining the milk—with it, and above it all, Mr. W. pouring out a crystal stream of thoughts, clear and sparkling, refreshing to the very soul. He was describing and analysing Prof. M.'s strong and complicated character. I listened in wonder at his nice and necessary distinctions, so clearly drawn; at his depth of scrutiny; at his command of language; at his genius in word painting. Let any one try to present the character of a friend, so that it shall be accurate and individual, and he will find what an Herculean task it is. And still that character he drew for me, so that it stood clear before me in its revealings and its contrasts, its light and shade, as a spire against the heavens.

In the meantime, while Mr. W. was enchanting me, and the children were riding on and romping with the dog, the ladies had completed the preparations for the evening meal. They had been few and brief—for there was no silver to set, no cake to bake, no tea to "draw." Their appearance of the table was, perhaps, in too fitting harmony with the appearance of the ladies.

But, if no plate glittered on it, bright faces beamed around it; genius sparkled instead of brilliants; and wit flowed in lieu of wine. Mr. W. cordially invited me to join them at the table, saying:

"We shall be very happy to have you sit at table with us, Mr. Sigma, if you can eat anything we have, for we live in true Graham style."

I replied that I had just dined, but I would join them in some fine apples I spied on the table. To this proposition the family politely responded, and I took the proffered seat. And verily they did live in "true Graham style." Not only was meat cashiered, but butter also. Yet, truly, I felt no pity when I saw fresh, thick yellow *cream* ladled out from a large bowl in the centre of the table. Slices of sweet brown bread received these luscious deposits, together with smoking mealy potatoes, nice Indian pudding, some preserved fruit, and superb cooked apples.

I wager their palates were tickled quite as bewitchingly as those of the epicures in sirloins, pastries and brandy peaches. They proceeded to describe their mode of life, and the influences which led them to adopt it. The leading motive was principle, if principle can be called a motive. They wished to obey the universal laws of nature rather than the evanescent laws of society—to follow nature rather than art—to be guided by the eternal principles of our being rather than by the caprices of fashion—to "obey God rather than man." This was their hope, their resolve, their honest purpose. Their sacrifices prove their sincerity; the result, *they* think, proves their wisdom. They have rigidly pursued this plan three years.

They have had perfect health and high sensitive enjoyment. They eat but two meals a day—deeming this the healthful course. I looked at the children with a woful expression, for I thought how the sports of childhood used to whet my appetite for many a lunch "between meals." Mr. W. guessed my thoughts, and quickly said:

"But these hearty rompers, who have been making such a noise, have their three and four meals a day, for they are *growing*." I was impressed with his liberal and charitable views.—"We live so, because we believe it and have found it to be the happiest, healthiest, truest way; but we would not compel others to our faith. But we *do* wish all would try it."

I introduced the name of Charles Stewart, the great English philanthropist, by saying:

"Mr. W., I want to know who Charles Stewart is?"

He replied, "It would take me a life time to tell you who Charles Stewart is, but I will tell you what Prof. M. said, when my wife asked him the same question—'Who is Charles Stewart?' He paused a moment, and then reverently said: 'Charles Stewart? Other men's virtues are human, Charles Stewart's are *divine*.'"

Mr. W. then went on to speak largely of Mr. Stewart, picturing graphically his perfect forgetfulness of self—his devotion to the good of others—and those the most humble and the most degraded. Worn out by his public life as a speaker, he is at present devoting himself to the most degraded and ignorant caste of the oppressed Irish, reading and explaining the Bible from hovel to hovel. The dialect spoken by the class on whom he is lavishing his noble powers is wholly unintelligible to the greater part of the Irish; and it was in view of the unequalled depth of their degradation, their isolation from humanity, and their utter destitution of all means of instruction, that Charles Stewart selected them as the objects of his devotion. The Bible has never been translated into their language, and hence he endured a most laborious study of its outlandish idioms, that he might impart to them the knowledge of salvation. Thus does he spend his time, day after day, in the humble, self-sacrificing toil of breaking the bread of life in mud cabins, and feeding with spiritual food these famished outcasts. He presents an example of Christian humility, of disregard of fame and fortune, of unreserved self-sacrifice, rarely equalled in its glorious excellence.

In the course of the conversation we came to speak of Coleridge. He said, "The secret of Mr. Coleridge's power is that he writes to his *own state of mind*." He proceeded to illustrate this thought by contrasting those who write from the irrepressible promptings of their own spirits, uttering to others the truth that is in them, because the richness of their own experience of it will not allow them to be silent, but they must share its good with others, and that other widely differing class, who always write with reference to the notions, or prejudices, of the recipient class, casting their thoughts in the mould of their audience, rather than letting it gush forth with the freedom of a strong and spontaneous nature. The truth should have "*free course to be glorified*."

"Let a man but look within," he said, "study the wants and necessities of his own inner being, and then let him think and write to meet these wants, and body forth these aspirations of his own, with no prudential reference to a supposed want of an audience, and, be sure, his words will tell. There will be minds in the same state, who will be fed by his thoughts, as by those of none other."

He was led by the subject to speak of different styles of writing of classes of men, of professions, going on and on, from one point to another, through the realm of thought, in the free unwearied style of a vigorous genius, as we may imagine a disembodied spirit to soar on untiring pinion from star to star in the boundlessness of space. We talked of education, and among the many good things he said, I recall these words: "A great many men go through what is called a liberal education; they find Greek, and find Latin, and find Mathematics, but they do not find themselves. It sometimes takes years to attain this, but, though it take years, persons had better wait, wait till they find themselves. It pains me to see so many men, as if on a Procrustes bed, cutting themselves off and stretching themselves out, to fit themselves for one of the 'three learned professions.' And above all it pains me, as I look over the country, to see so many ministers, of the profession but not in it."

I was led to say by his remarks, "Then you think that if a man will only be true to himself, faithful in cultivating his own individual mind and heart, God will give him a place to work in, without troublous searchings on his part."

He earnestly replied. "God, I believe to be a God of providence. You have seen carpenters frame a building on the ground, and sometimes, when they raise it and bring the parts together, the mortices and tenants do not match. But in God's great building, the universe, the mortices and tenants all match. Yes, if a man will only be really true to himself, find out what he truly is, work through to his living heart, and pick away the incrustations that ambition, and pride, and false society, have deposited about it; if he will only be willing to be where he ought to be, fill the place God made him for, and not be looking for some sunny corner, oh! he will find it! Providence will guide him to it—and it will be his 'sunny corner,' it will be to him the happiest spot, for it is his spot."

So he went on, pouring out the great thoughts, and clothing them in his luxuriant language. He surpassed any one in conversation I ever heard. There was a discriminating analysis, an overflowing of thought, a richness of illustration and aptness of words, that perfectly enchained the attention. I could have listened to him until morning. And he was so cordial, pleasant and unassuming in his manners—in his farmer's dress. He has a noble head and his eye flashes, and his open face beams with the fire of genius within. He gestures too quite a good deal—entering with his whole heart into the subject of conversation.

Alas! "there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." In the midst of this brilliant outpouring of his, the door was opened and in bounced his exiled dog. With one bound and a

deep bark he crossed the room, and in a moment the two animals had grappled in mortal combat. With breast to breast, and teeth to throat, in their furious plunges they swept the room. The children screamed and scampered, the ladies shrieked, chairs rolled in wild confusion, while the dogs bore down the united uproar by their outrageous howls. Mr. W. and I sprang for the animals, and succeeded, after some moments, in separating them. But it was a match for his strong arm to hold his dog, with his hand grasping his brass collar. And that dog lived on Graham diet! He had abstained from meat for one year and a half! When the uproar had ceased, we burst into a hearty laugh at the ludicrousness of the transaction, especially when we spied the cat, which had capped the climax by perching herself on the lofty pointed top of an old-fashioned clock, and was looking down in wild dismay.

Before I left he led me to his library, showing me books and portraits. Finally he took down "Festus," saying:

"There is a book I must lend you: with the exception of Shakspeare and Milton I think it the most wonderful book ever written in the English language. It is full of surpassing poetry."

By this time two hours had passed, and I was forced to leave. He shook my hand cordially, and said:

"Mr. Sigma, I am very happy to have seen you. When you write your uncle give him a deal of love from all of us. Come again and see us."

Reader—have you ever met with a man or with a book whose words flashed into your soul with a gleam of light, revealing your own spirit to yourself as it never was revealed before, disclosing deep recesses into which you had never gazed before, bringing up your past life dotted with imperfections and pouring over it a flood of penitence, and nerving you to a resolve for the future, which seemed to impart a strength to the will equal to conquering an un-Delilahed Samson, and a faith which "would remove mountains." Ah! yes you have, and you can sympathize with me as I wended my homeward way. I felt that I had been in the presence of a great man, and his shadow had sent healing and strength to my spirit as did the shadow of Peter, when it fell upon the sick of old, as he passed by. I felt that upon the "strength of that meat" I could go not "forty days" but forty years. Fresh vigor, strong faith, glad hope, bold resolve had taken hold of me. I had already done some work in this world, but there was more yet to do. I must gird up my loins for a longer march, and bind on my sword for a fiercer conflict. It was "heart within and God o'erhead" with me. I am not enthusiastic—some call me phlegmatic—and I am not writing extravagantly of the sensations inspired by that interview. I am talking to you, my friend, coolly and quietly. But those were strong words I heard that day—and though so long a time has passed since I heard them, the times are not "few and far between" that they ring in my ears. I think I shall always be a better, truer man for that visit. Trust in Providence will shed on me a warmer light, contempt of empty forms burn fiercer within

me, love of freedom grow stronger, zeal for the genuine and the real mount higher. There are few men in this world who so impel me onward. Perhaps Mr. W. would not have thus influenced another, but he did influence me. If he "provokes" others "to good works" as he did me, he is doing a great work in this world, a recluse though he be. For his Graham bread and two-meal system I care nothing; it is his earnestness, his conscientiousness, his independence, that I admire. People talk much of the responsibility which our influence brings upon us, and of our duty to maintain that influence unimpaired, and use it in an unbroken series; so they advise conformity to the world, that the world may esteem us, and cripple our independence by reminding us that we are to avoid all appearance of evil. But here is a man who goes right against all the fashions of the world, and sweeps away as gossamer every web with which society would entangle him; and yet it is not unlikely that few ministers in the land will have as large a reckoning of good

accomplished to show at the Judgment day as this isolated farmer. What shall we say to these things? The lesson taught is so plain that the wayfaring man need not err—do what you believe is right, and leave the consequences with God.

And more than this let us not be hasty in judging the eccentric. What we call folly *may* be wisdom, and what we call oddities *may* be the followings of nature. Remember that the laws of society are the "arts of man's devising," and they *may* be imperfect. Respect should be shown for the opinions of the world but not servility, regard but not subserviency, esteem but not adoration. Form your opinions with a scrutinizing analysis, and be sure that those who have formed different opinions with a like scrutiny, will no less respect yours and respect you. And above all let us cultivate that comprehensive charity, which "hopeth all things and thinketh no evil." There is sometimes much good in the reviled, and all perfections do not dwell with those who say, "stand by, I am holier than thou."

## LEAVES FROM THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A DOLLAR.

BY MRS. LUCIUS COOKE.

An eloquent young divine, in a thriving country village, had preached a beautiful and finished discourse from the words "Owe no man anything but to love one another." It was Monday, and he was leisurely walking up and down his pleasant parlor, and repeating now and then a favorite passage. His pretty young wife came into the room in her neat morning dress, and said, smilingly:

"You are a good preacher, but you do not always practice the doctrines you inculcate."

"Indeed, Helen," replied her husband, "I am not conscious of owing any man anything."

"That may be," returned the lady, playfully, "and yet you are in debt to a *woman*, even Mrs. Collins, who washes for us, and to whom I should be happy at this moment to take one dollar in payment of her demands."

The young husband cheerfully drew forth his silken purse, and placed in the hands of his lady, your humble servant, to command.

And truly I rejoiced to find myself clasped in the damp and shrivelled fingers of the laundress, for though I am cordially welcomed in all circles, I have met ever the warmest reception from the poor. Besides, Mrs. Collins was no ordinary woman. She had seen better days; that is to say, in her early life she had been pampered and petted, and amid the hot-house warmth of injudicious kindness the follies of her disposition sprang up like weeds, and almost choked the budding flowers of virtue. But then came reverses in long succession, losses and bereavement, and utter poverty, and these stern teachers, while they bowed

her to the dust of the earth, had also led her to look up with love and confidence to heaven. But they had almost taught her to distrust mankind. She loved her Creator, but she saw not his beautiful image in his creatures, and when she felt compelled to adopt her present humble occupation, it was with a feeling of stifled bitterness better imagined than described. Well saith the Book, "Is not a word better than a gift? but both are with a gracious man." With many kind words was I consigned to Mrs. Collins; no gift, indeed, but what is far more welcome to an upright nature, the just reward of honest toil.

"Ah, thou bright gleam of silver sunshine!" she warmly exclaimed; "full gladly would I keep thee to cheer my dark existence, but—" and her gushing poetry sank into very ordinary prose, as she looked downward at her tattered shoes, "I must guard against future head-aches in my long wet walks."

And, in accordance with her intentions, I was ere long shining in the hardened hand of the honest son of Crispin.

"Here, Marv," said he to his pretty niece, who sat patiently binding shoes by his side, "you have broken off one of your front teeth, and Dr. Forceps will replace it for a dollar, so away with you."

"Oh, thank you, uncle," said the dependant orphan, with a grateful smile, and she hastened to the dentist's office across the way. When she returned, her smile was sweeter and more natural, and, thanks to the operator's skill in anæsthetic

mysteries, the painful part of the process was entirely unperceived.

Dr. Forceps was a gentleman; that is, he wore broad-cloth and fine linen, and had plenty of money in his pockets. A dollar was of little consequence to him; so, after looking at me listlessly for some minutes, he sauntered into the parlor of his hostess, Mrs. Russell, and said:

"My dear madam, I had almost forgotten to pay for the china which poor Caesar broke yesterday. The poor little fellow shall make not only apology but reparation."

And, placing me in the dog's mouth, he contrived to make him drop me at the lady's feet.—Mrs. Russell was a lady; i. e. she sported costly frivolities and affected to be indifferent to expense; so, though she did not quite refuse the money, she turned to her little daughter, and said:

"Cecilia, you were asking me for a birth-day gift. If you will stoop to pick up that piece of money, you can buy one for yourself."

"I shall not stoop mamma," said the fair child, and throwing herself with juvenile grace on the rich carpet, she began playing with the dog and dollar, in a way that argued no very exalted estimate of either. But little Cecilia had been reading in a book—not the broad volume of human life ever open before her, and which, in spite of its gilt edges and showy cover, would have taught her a far different lesson—but in some simple nursery rhyme of name untold—how good children are always kind and generous, and how they delighted to benefit their fellow creatures. Suddenly she started from her attitude of playful repose, and tying on her hat, ran off to bestow her treasure upon an object certainly needy, for she had often read in the newspapers that all his race were condemned to a living of ragged coats and empty pockets.

Tripping hastily through the narrow street, she soon knocked at the door of the printing office.

"Are you the editor?" she enquired of the man who opened the door.

"Yes, my little lady," he replied. "And what do you want with me?"

She put back the curls from her flushed cheeks, and looking at him with some misgivings, for his coat, though threadbare, was not ragged, (but then it might have been his Sunday one) she held out her little hand, and said timidly:

"I have often seen in the papers that you are in want of money; here is a dollar, which my mother gave me for my birth-day, it will buy playthings for your little boys and girls."

The editor smiled, and thanking her, hastily added: "I will pass it to your mother's credit on her account. It has been long unsettled."

Blushing and embarrassed, the poor girl slipped away, marvelling much that her childish enthusiasm had led her unwittingly to do an act more just than generous; when a fine boy came bounding up the street, and exclaimed, eagerly:

"Father, Mr. Crayon has just received some new books, and they are so beautiful! On Natural History, with colored plates, and only a dollar! Pray let me buy one before they are all sold."

The editor demurred.

"I have no m—" money he was about to say, but the quick eye of the boy detected the counter evidence just gliding into his pocket, and he failed not to remind his father that his last debt had just been paid.

"But, my boy, you soon tire of any book and throw it aside, you know."

"Yes, but I shall always remember what I have learned from it, and I can carry *that* with me wherever I go."

"Well, my son, remember when you grow tired of the book you must present it to little Cecilia Russell, for she denied herself to-day, to pay an old debt of her mother's."

This the boy readily promised, and hastened to the literary premises of Mr. Crayon.

When he entered Mr. C. was saying: "I tell you, my dear, it is quite beyond my means. I have not taken a dollar to-day, and hardly expect to. Then here are these costly works just arrived. I shall not sell three of them in a month perhaps."

"Then you cannot spare me even a dollar for Holden's Magazine?"

"Not till I sell something equivalent, Fanny. You shall have the first dollar I take for any of these," glancing pettishly at the new arrivals.

Mrs. Crayon was no poet or artist, but she was one of those for whom artists and poets live—a being capable of appreciating the efforts of both. Her fine literary taste had been fostered by much early cultivation, but an humble marriage and its consequences had cramped her expanding powers. The narrow shop of her husband contained a meagre supply of cheap books and stationery, and no periodicals, and she was now pleading with her husband for at least *one* monthly gathering of literary manna; and, thanks to the prompt purchase of the printer's son, her wish was granted, and served to commence a series of agencies for standard works, which not only filled the pockets of Mr. Crayon, but gave him a far higher treasure in the cheerful contentment and ripening intellectual culture of his better half.

Reader, did you ever reflect on how much good a dollar may do? Only let it pass from hand to hand, here paying a debt, and there fulfilling a duty, and the course of the tiny silver stream is everywhere marked with refreshment and blessing.

## BUSY THOUGHTS IN BROADWAY.

BY ENNA.

Now smile, ye initiated, as the title of my story strikes your eye; but let me tell you my home is in a quiet valley—where the sound of your bells and the rattle of your heavy carts are heard but once during the twelve turns of Time's wheel; what marvel, then, that a day spent in your busy city brings "busy thoughts."

The hour was early, but my friend determined that I should "make a day of it," and we sallied out upon our journey; a few rods brought us in front of a house of sadness—the mute symbol of grief, attached to the bell-knob, told its tale.—Death had stood upon the threshold, and was still in state, and there were the

"Pall, the bier,  
And all we know, or dream, or fear,  
Of agony."

I have seen the muffled knocker and the soft tan bark spread before the home of the sick, and have felt instinctively the chill creep about my heart as it told me of the suffering patient, and the attenuated frame, the worn and weary nursing, and the still house; but *life* was there, and hope and her anchor rested by the sad couch; but here I beheld not the kindly expression of tender solicitude, but the dark token of despair. What loved form was laid in the cold embrace of death? Was it the reverend father? or the fond wife? or had the axe been laid to the tallest branch of that tree which emblemed the hopes of the happy family? What comfort can the passer give thee? May the hope which so kindly sustained thee have given place to the brighter sister of faith, and may her right arm be about thee and "her mouth speak wisdom unto thee."

Brief space must we give to the mourner. This surely is the house of feasting; the long array of dishes piled up, and choice fruits, and plate, and confectionary, show the master hath bidden guest; and the dodging of woolly heads, grown gray in the service of good living, reveals the truth; and yet, further, on the side table, in the basement, fairly exposed, a white smooth cape. Oh, it must be so; it is a wedding. Even now perchance the gay, happy creature is preparing those decorations which fit her for the bridal; even now her heart is swelling with that conflict which takes her from tried friends, to make her home among a new people; this day may see her severed from that protection which hath hung over her ever as a "banner of love;" and she is treading those rooms for the last time; the pleasant places will know her no more in her father's house, and she will place that hand in the hand of her lover, and her words will be, "Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people."

In my musing I had nearly stumbled over two squallid children, as they petitioned, "kind lady, my mother, and my father, and—" but I could not catch the last word, for my companion, with a smile at my credulity, bade me withhold my

charity for worthier objects. Could it be then, that these little pale faces were growing up in those paths of wickedness and deceit, from which, when they grow old, they shall never depart? The fashionable ephemera had not at the early hour ventured forth to display their gaudy plumage, but men were hurrying to their daily cares, and house-maids were busy in drenching the steps and side walks—making the foot passenger uncomfortable, for a short moment's neatness—how different from those kindly dews, which nightly refreshen and brighten our green walks at home. Truly, New York is growing to be a city of churches—each year brings with it an additional architectural grace. Let us turn the eye inward and ask if the "living temple" of the great God is beautified with those columns of Faith, Justice and Charity? do we "learn to conform the order of our lives," in magnifying the grace of his perfections? hath the Son of God entered thy soul and "rebuked the unclean spirit?" If not, vain the boasted pageantry and "long drawn aisles," the pillared dome and pointed spire, they stand the monument of thy pride, and not thy glory.

We are nearing the room of the Art Union; shall we enter? Here there is a motley throng, nurses and little children, and groups of idlers, gazing, without price, upon fine specimens of art: the influence of this institution *must* exert a moral healthfulness upon our larger population. It pleases me to see the children, some of them too small to leave the arms of their nurses, attracted by the gay colors. Blair tells us, that the first rudiments of taste are discoverable in a child by its fondness for pictures, &c. Here, too, were the spirit pieces of the poet painter, the "Course of Life." Infancy dallying with the flowers on the unruffled stream of life, while the gentle hand directs the bark. Time has not, with his "cold wing," withered one little floweret on the velvet bank beside the stream, but, the straits of Infancy passed, the vessel is launched fully among the rapids, and the bold bearing of Youth bravely breasts the torrent, until rocks, and swollen waves, and torn limbs, proclaim his danger. Where, oh, where, is the guardian spirit—take courage tempest tossed and despairing mariner, thy life boat will brave the storm, and the good angel, with benign countenance, sees the port, and more carefully than the night sentinel she lists thy bidding, and draws thee onward towards light and love. My slight pen can feebly mirror the "painter's pencil." Gifted, but lost *Cole*, thou art, we hope, enjoying in brighter tints the grand original of thy beautiful conceptions.

In one of those huge leviathan land carriages we will roll through noise, and racket, and confusion, until we arrive at the Merchant's Palace, and enter at Stewart's. The large hall, and the upper galleries, are filled with fair faces—and bills are soon run up, involving half the year's support

of some salaried clerk, whose *ambitious wife* aims at the higher round of folly's ladder. No pen ever has, and none ever can, faithfully portray "the world we live in;" here, on these loaded shelves and broad counters, heavy with gorgeous drapery, and purple and fine linen, one side bearing the bridal vestment, and next to it the "mourner's covering," in one casement the lover's token, and in another the chilly ceremonies of the grave; colors, stolen from the earth, have dyed the fabric of the worm, and arrayed them in beauty greater than even the glory of Solomon; this superbly embroidered cape tells not the tale of the rush-light, and aching head, and weary fingers, which toiled while others slept, to earn the scanty food for famished nature; and this rich brocade bears not among its folds the sigh of the short-breathed consumptive laborer, as he plied the heavy machine to furnish the garment of pride, happy if it furnish the means to put a scanty covering to his own motherless babes—it were well *sometimes* to pause at the altar of worldliness, and feel that

"While the courtier glitters in brocade,  
There the pale artist plies his sickly trade."

We are again on the favored side of Broad-

way, and countless throngs of forms and faces meet our view: a vast sea of troubled waves—some are happy—the young are always so—some might "awake our envy,"—but that we know—that there be those who smile and wear the arrow. Here, then, is the babe and the young maiden, the youth and the old man, the prince and beggar, all come like the spray of the ocean which covers the darker sea.

Bear with me yet a little, courteous reader. I will but speak of those hours now that are shrouded by darkness; but there is no darkness here, save that which shadows the heart from the sinfulness of man; and can it be that he who stands erect, bearing before God the impress of his image, can defile his fairest work? My soul was shocked by that tale which spoke, and yet words were not meretricious—apparel spoke louder than trumpet sounds the "living lost."

"Ah turn thine eyes  
Where the poor houseless, shivering female lies,  
She once perhaps in village plenty dressed,  
Has wept at tales of innocence distressed,  
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn,  
Now lost to all her friends, her virtue fled,  
Near the betrayer's door she lays her head."

## TO ———, WITH A ROSARY.

BY CAROLINE C ———.

I SEND thee love a sacred gift,  
Of numbering o'er and o'er,  
These beads, I've linked with thy dear name  
Fond prayers that heavenward soar.  
For thoughts of thee unseal my heart,  
Its secret founts unlock,  
And for Hope's bright flood leaps, as erst,  
The stream from Horeb's rock!

I've pray'd o'er them long life to thee!  
Long life my bright-eyed one—  
Ay, though dark clouds may oftentimes flirt  
Between thee and the sun.  
And still I did not crave for thee,  
Freedom from grief and care,  
Though sorrows must perfect thy faith,  
And faith forbids despair.

I have not asked thy sunlit dreams  
May all prove brightly true,  
I have not prayed, my love, that wealth,  
And pride, may circle you!  
Nor that the glorious promise given  
Of beauty, true may be,  
Such common gifts are all too poor,  
Too poor my love for thee!

I know there's danger to the heart  
Bound to the flashing eye,  
I know that wealth brings in her hand  
Dread woes that pass not by;

So when I thought upon thy youth,  
Thy truth, and purity,  
I cried, great God preserve her thus  
Through time, for Heaven, for thee!

I ask not for the leaves of Fame,  
To twine them in thy hair,  
They could not make thy life more calm,  
Thy brow more free from care.  
Forgive! I prayed man ne'er might bend  
In mad idolatry,  
To kindle earth's fierce fires between  
Heaven's holier light, and thee!

O'er every bead my heart besought—  
"Give her, oh gracious Lord,  
A soul-harp set apart to Thee,  
With not one tuneless chord.  
God! let thy perfect love be hers,  
When from youth's dream she wakes,  
Be Thou her guide through time's dark hours,  
Till the glad morning breaks!"

Dear friend no superstition prompts  
These prayers, this gift to thee;  
To God alone I've raised my voice,  
To Him bent down my knee!  
Oft let thy gentle eyes glance o'er  
These beads, this laden cross,  
Remember love, they picture that  
Without which, life were loss!

## HOLDEN'S REVIEW.

*The Sea Lions: or, The Lost Sealers.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. 2 vols. New York: Stringer & Townsend. 1849.

It is a long while since Mr. Cooper produced anything new; indeed, his first Indian Romance and his first Naval Story contain all that he has since put into his novels, which he produces alternately; now a tale of the ocean and now a tale of the forest; as his last novel was a tale of forest life, the present is, of course, a story of sea life. But, he has latterly so interwoven into his tales, whether of the ocean or the prairie, his moral theories in respect to religion and politics that they are, in this particular, very distinguishable from his earlier productions. *The Sea Lions* is more of a sermon than a romance. The preface is an old fashioned essay, like those of the last century on the unconsciousness of Divine favors, which would be creditable to a school boy, but, as the introduction to a romance, it is as much out of place as an imitation of one of Doctor Watt's hymns would be for an epilogue to a melo-drama. Mr. Cooper is a high Tory in politics and a high churchman in religion, and he means that whoever reads his romances shall know it. We think that he would please his readers better and promote his own interests by serving up his theology and his fictions under separate covers. It is one of the strongest proofs of the charms of his narrative style that he can induce anybody to read one of his romances who has had warning of the doses of theology and politics which must necessarily be swallowed in the process of unravelling the thread of his story. Mr. Cooper is not one of the progressive school of thinkers, but belongs, on the contrary, to that extensive class of philosophers who maintain that the world had reached its ultimate of excellence just at that precise time when they first became acquainted with it. With Mr. Cooper's decided *penchant* for preaching it is really surprising that he does not give up novel writing and go into the pulpit. He has long since renounced his countrymen as hopelessly given over to radicalism in politics, and since he cannot hope to do them any good politically, there is nothing left for him but to preach to them on the more momentous subject of the future condition of their souls. As an instructor Mr. Cooper has been singularly unfortunate. On his return home from Europe he wrote a series of novels for the express purpose of drilling them in good manners, but as that attempt only gained him the ridicule of the whole country, and involved him in libel suits with half of the editors in the State, whom he prosecuted for not agreeing in his theories of social politeness; he then tried to make them conservatives in politics, and failing in that he has now undertaken to draw them all within the enclosures of the church of which he is himself a member, and which is, of course, the only true church. The particular theological motive of the *Sea Lions* appears to be to controvert the doctrines of Unitarianism.

From the preface we extract the following, which relates to that intrepid navigator, Sir John Franklin, whose fate has excited such a lively interest in all parts of the Christian world. We really don't comprehend what Mr. Cooper can be driving at in making a mystery of so common a physiological fact as that of descendants from the same stock bearing a family likeness. But, if Sir John Franklin bears a resemblance in features to our great philosopher, his namesake, the fact is very curious, for Doctor Franklin's features were those of his mother, and we know dozens of his rela-

tives by the maternal side whose physiognomical resemblance to the portraits of Dr. Franklin is very marked. As for the Franklins, of whom there are at least four distinct families in New York, we have never yet known an instance in which one of them bore any likeness to the philosopher.—Mr. Cooper says:

"Such names as those of Parry, Sabine, Ross, Franklin, Wilkes, Hudson, Ringgold, &c., &c., with those of divers gallant Frenchmen and Russians, command our most profound respect; for no battles or victories can redound more to the credit of seamen than the dangers they all encountered, and the conquests they have all achieved. One of those named, a resolute and experienced seaman, it is thought must, at this moment, be locked in the frosts of the arctic circle, after having passed half a life in the endeavor to push his discoveries into those remote and frozen regions. He bears the name of the most distinguished of the philosophers of this country; and nature has stamped on his features—by one of those secret laws which just as much baffle our means of comprehension, as the greatest of all our mysteries, the incarnation of the Son of God—a resemblance that, of itself, would go to show that they are of the same race. Any one who has ever seen this imprisoned navigator, and who is familiar with the countenances of the men of the same name who are to be found in numbers amongst ourselves, must be struck with a likeness that lies as much beyond the grasp of that reason of which we are so proud, as the sublimest facts taught by induction, science, or revelation.—Parties are, at this moment, out in search of him and his followers; and it is to be hoped that the Providence which has so singularly attuned the different circles and zones of our globe, placing this under a burning sun, and that beneath enduring frosts, will have included in its divine forethought a sufficient care for these bold wanderers to restore them, unharmed, to their friends and country. In a contrary event, their names must be transmitted to posterity as the victims to a laudable desire to enlarge the circle of human knowledge, and with it, we trust, to increase the glory due to God."

The first chapter of the *Sea Lions* is Cooperish to an amusing degree; although but a short one, he contrives to cram those peculiar Cooperisms, to which we have long been accustomed by reading the first and concluding chapters of his romances; it contains, besides a brief history of Long Island, a particular description of Suffolk county, a growl at the railroad, because it is a modern improvement, a disquisition on Yankee pronunciation; a thrust at lay deacons, and a good hearty kick, full of blunt bitterness and sectional prejudice, at the New England character. The New Englanders are an innocent source of trouble to Mr. Cooper, who has no need of nursing his wrath against them to keep it warm, for it appears to be always at boiling point. The first chapter introduces us, besides, to three of the characters of the new story, namely, the schooner, Deacon Pratt, the mean Yankee, and Mary Pratt, of whom the author says, and he ought to know, "a less interested, or less selfish being never existed." There is one remarkable peculiarity in Mr. Cooper's stories—let the local habitation of his personages be where it may, he always bestows upon them the indigenous family names that belong to the spot; thus his hero now is Roswell Garner, a native of Suffolk, and tainted with Unitarianism, and the old sailor is Tom Daggett of Martha's Vineyard, the only place in the whole Union where that name flourishes.

The *Sea Lions*, let us premise, are not animals, but two schooners of that name, one of them hailing from Oyster Pond Point and the other from Holmes' Hole. Who but Mr. Cooper would have the courage to make two such craft the principal objects of interest in a two volume romance?

We extract the following passage, descriptive of a chase

after a whale, and also a comparison of the three finest harbors or bays in the world, viz: Naples, Constantinople and Rio Janeiro. We are exactly of Mr. Cooper's opinion that the Bay of Rio surpasses, in beauty and magnificence, all other ports of the earth:

"Roswell Gardiner felt as if he could breathe more freely when they had run the Summers Group fairly out of sight, and the last hummock had sunk into the waves of the west. He was now fairly quit of America, and hoped to see no more of it, until he made the well-known rock that points the way into that most magnificent of all the havens of the earth, the bay of Rio de Janeiro. Travellers dispute whether the palm ought to be given to this port, or to those of Naples and Constantinople. Each, certainly, has its particular claims to surpassing beauty, which ought to be kept in view in coming to a decision. Seen from its outside, with its minarets, and Golden Horn, and Bosphorus, Constantinople is, probably, the most glorious spot on earth. Ascend its mountains, and overlook the gulfs of Salerno and Gaeta, as well as its own waters, the *Campagna Felice* and the memorials of the past, all seen in the witchery of an Italian atmosphere, and the mind becomes perfectly satisfied that nothing equal is to be found elsewhere; but enter the bay of Rio, and take the whole of the noble panorama in at a glance, and even the experienced traveller is staggered with the stupendous as well as bewitching character of the loveliness that meets his eye. Witchery is a charm that peculiarly belongs to Italy, as all must feel who have ever been brought within its influence; but it is a witchery that is more or less shared by all regions of low latitudes.

"Our two Sea Lions met with no adventures worthy of record, until they got well to the southward of the equator. They had been unusually successful in getting through the calm latitudes; and forty-six days from Montauk, they spoke a Sag Harbor whaler, homeward bound, that had come out from Rio only the preceding week, where she had been to dispose of her oil. By this ship, letters were sent home; and as Gardiner could now tell the deacon that he should touch at Rio even before the time first anticipated, he believed that he should set the old man's heart at peace. A little occurrence that took place the very day they parted with the whaler, added to the pleasure this opportunity of communicating with the owner had afforded. As the schooners were moving on in company, about a cable's length asunder, Hazard saw a sudden and extraordinary movement on board the Vineyard Lion, as the men now named that vessel, to distinguish her from her consort.

"Look out for a spout!" shouted the mate to Stimson, who happened to be on the foretop-sail-yard at work, when this unexpected interruption to the quiet of the passage occurred. "There is a man overboard from the other schooner, or they see a spout."

"A spout! a spout!" shouted Stimson, in return; "and a spalm (sperrn, or spermaceti, was meant) whale, in the bargain! Here he is, sir, two p'int's on our weather beam."

"This was enough. If any one has had the misfortune to be in a coach drawn by four horses, when a sudden fright starts them off at speed, he can form a pretty accurate notion of the movement that now took place on board of Deacon Pratt's craft. Every one seemed to spring into activity, as if a single will directed a common set of muscles. Those who were below literally 'tumbled up,' as seamen express it, and those who were aloft slid down to the deck like flashes of lightning. Captain Gardiner sprang out of his cabin, seemingly at a single bound; at another, he was in the whale-boat that Hazard was in the very act of lowering into the water, as the schooner rounded-to. Perceiving himself anticipated here, the mate turned to the boat on the other quarter, and was in her, and in the water, almost as soon as his commanding officer.

"Although neither of the schooners was thoroughly fitted for a whaler, each had lines, lances, harpoons, &c., in readiness in their quarter-boats, prepared for any turn of luck like this which now offered. The process of paddling up to whales, which is now so common in the American ships, was then very little or not at all resorted to. It is said that the animals have got to be so shy, in consequence of being so much pursued, that the old mode of approaching them will not suffice, and that it now requires much more care and far more art to take one of these creatures, than it did thirty years since. On this part of the subject, we merely repeat what we hear, though we think we can see an advantage in the use of the paddle that is altogether independent of that of the greater quiet of that mode of forcing a boat ahead. He that paddles looks *ahcad*, and the approach is more easily regulated, when the whole of the boat's crew are apprised, by means of their own senses, of the actual state of things, than when they attain their ideas of them

through the orders of an officer. The last must govern in all cases, but the men are prepared for them, when they can see what is going on, and will be more likely to act with promptitude and intelligence, and will be less liable to make mistakes.

"The four boats, two from each schooner, dropped into the water nearly about the same time. Daggett was at the steering-oar of one, as was Roswell at that of another. Hazard, and Macy, the chief mate of the Vineyard craft, were at the steering-oars of the two remaining boats. All pulled in the direction of the spot on the ocean where the spouts had been seen. It was the opinion of those who had been aloft, that there were several fish; and it was certain that they were of the most valuable species, or the spermaceti, one barrel of the oil of which was worth about as much as the oil of three of the ordinary sort, or that of the right whale, supposing them all to yield the same quantity in number of barrels. The nature or species of the fish was easily enough determined by the spouts; the right whale throwing up two high arched jets of water, while the spermaceti throws but a single, low, busby one.

"It was not long ere the boats of the two captains came abreast of each other, and within speaking distance. A stern rivalry was now apparent in every countenance, the men pulling might and main, and without even a smile among them all. Every face was grave, earnest, and determined; every arm strung to its utmost powers of exertion. The men rowed beautifully, being accustomed to the use of their long oars in rough water, and in ten minutes they were all fully a mile dead to windward of the two schooners.

"Few things give a more exalted idea of the courage and ingenuity of the human race than to see adventurers set forth, in a mere shell, on the troubled waters of the open ocean, to contend with and capture an animal of the size of the whale. The simple circumstance that the last is in its own element, while its assailants are compelled to approach it in such light and fragile conveyances, that, to the unpractised eye, it is sufficiently difficult to manage them amid the rolling waters, without seeking so powerful an enemy to contend with. But, little of all this did the crews of our four boats now think. They had before them the objects, or one of the objects, rather, of their adventure, and so long as that was the case, no other view but that of prevailing could rise before their eyes."

*Mardi: and a Voyage Thither. By Herman Melville, 2 vols. Harper and Brothers. 1849.*

If the author of *Typee* had not been a poet, he could never have worked up the exceedingly slight and common-place materials of which that work, and its companion *Omoo* were composed, in such a manner as to create the impression that they were purely works of the imagination. There is nothing in either volume which had not been many a time told before Mr. Melville put pen to paper, yet he has so imbued the matter of fact narrative of his Polynesian adventures with the charms of a poetic imagination, that they have the appearance of a romance. It was the highest compliment that could have been paid to the author's genius to doubt the truthfulness of his narrative, for the doubts did not arise from anything monstrous or improbable in his facts, but from the richness of his style, and the poetic beauty with which he invested every object that he described. *Mardi*, he says, was written to try the effect of a fiction on the minds of the incredulous public, and we have no doubt that they will be more ready to believe in its verity than in that of his simple story of *Typee*. The readers of the other volumes of Mr. Melville will discover a marked difference in the style of *Mardi*, which has evidently been written with more care and ambition; but it abounds in the same traits of a generous and frolicsome nature, and is as graceful, pure and glowing. *Mardi* is a purely imaginary record of adventures in the Pacific, such as might well happen to a careless rover who cared only for freedom from restraint, and was disposed to make the best of the world. We make the following extracts from these elegant and most entertaining volumes, which will afford a favorable idea of the style in which they are written. It would be quite impossible, in the space

which we have allowed us, to make anything like an analysis of their contents:

#### ROVINGS ALOW AND ALOFT.

"Every one knows what a fascination there is in wandering up and down in a deserted old tenement in some warm, dreamy country; where the vacant halls seem echoing of silence, and the doors creak open like the footsteps of strangers; and into every window the old garden trees thrust their dark boughs, like the arms of night-burglars; and over and anon the nails start from the wainscot; while behind it the mice rattle like dice. Up and down in such old spectre houses one loves to wander; and so much the more, if the place be haunted by some marvelous story.

"And during the drowsy stillness of the tropical sea-day, very much such a fancy had I, for prying about our little brigantine, whose tragic hull was haunted by the memory of the massacre, of which it still bore innumerable traces.

"And so far as the indulgence of quiet strolling and reverie was concerned, it was well nigh the same as if I were all by myself. For Samoa, for a time, was rather reserved, being occupied with thoughts of his own. And Annatoo seldom troubled me with her presence. She was taken up with her calicoes and jewelry; which I had permitted her to retain, to keep her in good humor if possible. And as for my royal old Viking, he was one of those individuals who seldom speak, unless personally addressed.

"Besides, all that by day was necessary to navigating the Parki was, that somebody should stand at the helm; the craft being so small, and the grating, whereon the steersman stood, so elevated, that he commanded a view far beyond the bowsprit; thus keeping Argus eyes on the sea, as he steered us along. In all other respects we left the brigantine to the guardianship of the gentle winds.

"My own turn at the helm—for, though commander, I felt constrained to do duty with the rest—came but once in the twenty-four hours. And not only did Jarl and Samoa, officiate as helmsmen, but also Dame Annatoo, who had become quite expert at the business. Though Jarl always maintained that there was a slight drawback upon her usefulness in this vocation. Too much taken up by her lovely image partially reflected in the glass of the binnacle before her, Annatoo now and then neglected her duty, and led us some devious dances. Nor was she, I ween, the first woman that ever led men into zigzags.

"For the reasons above stated, I had many spare hours to myself. At times, I mounted aloft, and lounging in the slings of the topsail-yard—one of the many snug nooks in a ship's rigging—I gazed broad off upon the blue boundless sea, and wondered what they were doing in that unknown land, toward which we were fated to be borne. Or feeling less meditative, I roved about hither and thither; slipping over, by the stays, from one mast to the other; climbing up to the truck; or lounging out to the ends of the yards; exploring wherever there was a foothold. It was like climbing about in some mighty old oak, and resting in the crotches.

"To a sailor, a ship's ropes are a study. And to me, every rope-yeen of the Parki's was invested with interest.—The outlandish fashion of her shrouds, the collars of her stays, the stirrups, seizings, Flemish-horses, gaskets,—all the wilderness of her rigging, bore unequivocal traces of her origin.

"But, perhaps, my pleasantest hours were those which I spent, stretched out on a pile of old sails, in the fore-top; lazily dozing to the craft's light roll.

"Frequently, I descended to the cabin: for the fiftieth time, exploring the lockers and state rooms for some new object of curiosity. And often, with a glimmering light, I went into the midnight hold, as into old vaults and catacombs; and creeping between damp ranges of casks, penetrated into its farthest recesses.

"Sometimes, in these under-ground burrowings, I lighted upon sundry out-of-the-way hiding places of Annatoo's; where were snugly secreted divers articles, with which she had been smitten. In truth, no small portion of the hull seemed a mine of stolen goods, stolen out of its own bowels. I found a jauntily shore-cap of the captain's, hidden away in the hollow heart of a coil of rigging; covered over in a manner most touchingly natural, with a heap of old ropes; and near by, in a breaker, discovered several entire pieces of calico, heroically tied together with cords almost strong enough to sustain the mainmast.

"Near the stray light, which, when the hatch was removed, gleamed down into this part of the hold, was a huge ground-tier butt, headless as Charles the First. And herein was a mat nicely spread for repose; a discovery which accounted for what had often proved an enigma. Not seldom Annatoo had been among the missing; and though, from

stem to stern, loudly invoked to come forth and relieve the poignant distress of her anxious friends, the dame remained perdu; silent and invisible as a spirit. But in her own good time, she would mysteriously emerge; or be suddenly espied lounging quietly in the fore-castle, as if she had been there from all eternity.

"Useless to inquire, 'Where hast thou been, sweet Annatoo?' For no sweet rejoinder would she give.

"But now the problem was solved. Here, in this silent cask in the hold, Annatoo was wont to coil herself away, like a garter-snake under a stone.

"Whether she thus stood sentry over her goods secreted round about; whether she here performed penance like a nun in her cell; or was moved to this unaccountable freak by the powers of the air; no one could tell. Can you?

"Verily, her ways were as the ways of the inscrutable penguins in building their inscrutable nests, which baffle all science, and make a fool of a sage.

"Marvelous Annatoo! who shall expound thee?"

#### XIPHIUS PLATYPTERUS.

"About this time, the loneliness of our voyage was relieved by an event worth relating.

"Ever since leaving the Pearl Shell Islands, the Parki had been followed by shoals of small fish, pleasantly enlivening the sea, and socially swimming by her side. But in vain did Jarl and I search among their ranks for the little, steel-blue Pilot fish, so long outriders of the Chamois. But perhaps since the Chamois was now high and dry on the Parki's deck, our bright little avant-couriers were lurking out of sight, far down in the brine; racing along close to the keel.

"But it is not with the Pilot fish that we now have to do.

"One morning our attention was attracted to a mighty commotion in the water. The shoals of fish were darting hither and thither, and leaping into the air in the utmost affright. Samoa declared that their deadly foe, the Sword fish, must be after them.

"And here let me say, that, since of all the bullies, and braggarts, and bravoes, and free-booters, and Hectors, and fish-at-arms, and knight-errants, and moss-troopers, and assassins, and foot-pads, and gallant soldiers, and immortal heroes that swim the seas, the Indian Sword fish is by far the most remarkable, I propose to dedicate this chapter to a special description of the warrior. In doing which, I but follow the example of all chroniclers and historians, my Peloponnesian friend Thucydides and others, who are ever mindful of devoting much space to accounts of eminent destroyers; for the purpose, no doubt, of holding them up as examples to the world.

"Now, the fish here treated of is a very different creature from the Sword fish frequenting the Northern Atlantic; being much larger every way, and a more dashing varlet to boot. Furthermore, he is denominated the Indian Sword fish, in contradistinction from his namesake above mentioned. But by seamen in the Pacific, he is more commonly known as the Bill fish; while for those who love science and hard names, be it known, that among the erudite naturalists he goeth by the outlandish appellation of '*Xiphius Platypterus*.'

"But I waive for my hero all these his cognomens, and substitute a much better one of my own; namely, the Chevalier. And a Chevalier he is, by good right and title. A true gentleman of Black Prince Edward's bright day, when all gentlemen were known by their swords; whereas, in times present, the Sword fish excepted, they are mostly known by their high polished boots and rattans.

"A right valiant and jaunty Chevalier is our hero; going about with his long Toledo perpetually drawn. Rely upon it, he will fight you to the hilt, for his bony blade has never a scabbard. He himself sprang from it at birth; yea, at the very moment he leaped into the Battle of Life; as we mortals ourselves spring all naked and scabbardless into the world. Yet, rather, are we scabbards to our souls. And the drawn soul of genius is more glittering than the drawn cimier of Saladin. But how many let their steel sleep, till it eat up the scabbard itself, and both corrode to rust-chips. Saw you ever the hillocks of old Spanish anchors, and anchor-stocks of ancient galleons, at the bottom of Callao Bay? The world is full of old Tower armonies, and dilapidated Venetian arsenals, and rusty old rapiers. But true warriors polish their good blades by the bright beams of the morning; and grind them on to their brave sirloins; and watch for rust spots as for foes; and by many stout thrusts and stoccadoes keep their metal-lustrous and keen, as the spears of the Northern Lights charging over Greenland.

"Fire from the flint is our Chevalier enraged. He takes umbrage at the cut of some ship's keel crossing his road; and straightway runs a tilt at it; with one mad lounge

thrusting his Andrea Ferrara clean through and through; not seldom breaking it short off at the haft, like a bravo leaving his poniard in the vitals of his foe.

"In the case of the English ship Foxhound, the blade penetrated through the most solid part of her hull, the bow; going completely through the copper plates and timbers, and showing for several inches in the hold. On the return of the ship to London, it was carefully sawn out; and, imbedded in the original wood, like a fossil, is still preserved. But this was a comparatively harmless onslaught of the valiant Chevalier. With the Rousseau, of Nantucket, it fared worse. She was almost mortally stabbed; her assailant withdrawing his blade. And it was only by keeping the pumps clanging, that she managed to swim into a Tahitian harbor, 'heave down,' and have her wound dressed by a ship-surgeon with tar and oakum. This ship I met with at sea, shortly after the disaster.

"At what armory our Chevalier equips himself after one of his spiteful tilting-matches, it would not be easy to say. But very hard for him, if ever after he goes about in the lists, swordless and disarmed, at the mercy of any catiff shark he may meet.

"Now, seeing that our fellow-voyagers, the little fish alongside, were sorely tormented and thinned out by the incursions of a pertinacious Chevalier, bent upon making a hearty breakfast out of them, I determined to interfere in their behalf, and capture the enemy.

"With shark-hook and line I succeeded, and brought my brave gentleman to the deck. He made an emphatic landing; lashing the planks with his sinewy tail; while a yard and a half in advance of his eyes, reached forth his terrible blade.

"As victor, I was entitled to the arms of the vanquished; so, quickly dispatching him, and sawing off his Toledo, I bore it away for a trophy. It was three-sided, slightly concave on each, like a bayonet; and some three inches through at the base, it tapered from thence to a point.

"And though tempered not in Tagus or Gaudalquivir, it yet revealed upon its surface that wavy grain and watery fleckiness peculiar to tried blades of Spain. It was an aromatic sword; like the ancient caliph's, giving out a peculiar musky odor by friction. But far different from steel of Tagus or Damascus, it was inflexible as Crockett's rifle tube; no doubt, as deadly.

"Long hung that rapier over the head of my hammock. Was it not storied as the good trenchant blade of brave Bayard, that other chevalier? The knight's may have slain its scores, or fifties; but the weapon I preserved had, doubtless, run through and riddled its thousands."

The great defect of *Mardi* is the apparent want of motive in the composition; it is a difficult matter to guess at the aims of the author; if he had any satirical intentions, they are so cunningly covered up that we cannot discover them; there is no story to interest, but a dreamy kind of voluptuousness, and an ecstatic outbreak of abandoned animal impulse, seem to be the pervading peculiarities of the volumes; there are, also, affectations of style, and rhapsodical episodes, which puzzle the reader, and, after going all through the volumes, he at last lays them down with a wonder as to the author's meaning, and a bewildered feeling of having been in a dream. Perhaps this was the very object aimed at by Mr. Melville, and if so, he has been very successful. The following extract, from a long scene in which there is a drinking bout with five and twenty outlandish kings, is an instance of the wild hubbub which the author makes without any other apparent motive than merely to create a hullabaloo in the imagination of his reader:

"All hail, Marzilla! King's Own Royal Particular! A vinous Percy! Dating back to the Conquest! Distilled of yore from purple berries growing in the purple valley of Ar-dair! Thrice hail!

"But the imperial Marzilla was not for all; gods only could partake; the kings and demi-gods of the isles; excluding left-handed descendants of sad rakes of immortals, in old times breaking heads and hearts in *Mardi*, bequeathing ban-sinister to many mortals, who now in vain might urge a claim to a cup full of right regal Marzilla.

"The Royal Particular was pressed upon me by the now jovial Donjalolo. With his own sceptred hand charging my flagon to the brim, he declared his despotic pleasure that I should quaff it off to the last lingering globule. No hard calamity, truly; for the drinking of this wine was as the singing of a mighty ode, or phrenzied lyric to the soul.

"'Drink, Taji,' cried Donjalolo 'drink deep. In this wine a king's heart is dissolved. Drink long; in this wine lurk the seeds of the life everlasting. Drink deep; drink long; thou drinkest wisdom and valor at every draught.—Drink for ever, oh Taji, for thou drinkest that which will enable thee to stand up and speak out before mighty Oro himself.'

"'Borabolla,' he added, turning round upon a domed old king at his left, 'was it the god Xipho, who begged of my great-great-grand sire a draught of this same wine, saying he was about to beget a hero?'

"'Even so. And thy glorious Marzilla produced thrice valiant Ononna, who slew the giants of the reef.'

"'Ha, ha, hear'st that, oh Taji?' And Donjalolo drained another cup.

"'Amazing! the flexibility of the royal elbow, and the rigidity of the royal spine! More especially as we had been impressed with a notion of their debility. But, sometimes, these seemingly enervated young blades approve themselves steadier of limb than veteran revellers of very long standing.

"'Discharge the basin, and refill it with wine,' cried Donjalolo. 'Break all empty goulds! Drink, kings, and dash your cups at every draught.'

"So saying, he started from his purple mat; and with one foot planted unknowingly upon the skull of Marjora; while all the skeletons grinned at him from the pavement; Donjalolo, holding on high his blood-red goblet, burst forth with the following invocation:

"Ha, ha, gods and kings; fill high, one and all;  
Drink, drink! shout and drink! mad respond to the call!  
Fill fast, and fill full; 'gainst the goblet ne'er sin;  
Quaff, there, at high tide, to the uttermost rim:  
Flood-tide and soul tide to the brim!

"Who with wine in him fears? who thinks of his cares?  
Who sighs to be wise, when wine in him flares?  
Water sinks down below, in currents full slow;  
But wine mounts on high with its genial glow:  
Well up, till the brain overflow!

"As the spheres with a roll, some fiery of soul,  
Others golden, with music, revolve round the pole  
So let our cups, radiant with many-hued wines,  
Round and round in groups circle, our Zodiac's signs:  
Round reeling, and ringing their chimes!

"Then drink, gods and kings; wine merriment brings;  
It bounds through the veins; there, jubilant sings.  
Let it ebb, then, and flow; wine never grows dim;  
Drain down that bright tide at the foam-beaded rim:  
Fill up, every cup, to the brim!

"Caught by all present, the chorus resounded again and again. The beaded wine danced on many a beard; the cataract lifted higher its voice; the grotto sent back a shout; the ghosts of the coral monarchs seemed starting from their insulted bones. But ha, ha, ha, roared forth the five-and-twenty kings—alive, not dead—holding both hands to their girdles, and baying out their laughter from abysses; like Nimrod's hounds over some fallen elk.

"Mad and crazy revellers, how ye drank and roared! but kings no more: vestures loosed; and sceptres rolling on the ground.

"Glorious agrarian, thou wine! bringing all hearts on a level, and at last all legs to the earth; even those of kings, who, to do them justice, have been much maligned for imputed qualities not theirs. For whose has touched flagons with monarchs, bear they their back bones never so stiffly on the throne, well know the rascals to be at bottom royal good fellows; capable of a vinous frankness exceeding that of base-born men. Was not Alexander a boon companion? And daft Cambyzes? and what of old Rowley, as good a judge of wine and other matters, as ever sipped claret or kisses.

"If ever Taji joins a club, be it a beef-steak club of kings.

"Donjalolo emptied yet another cup.

"The mirth now blew a gale; like a ship's shrouds in the Typhoon, every tendon vibrated; the breezes of Omi came forth with a rush; the hangings shook; the goblets danced fandangos; and Donjalolo, clapping his hands, calling before him his dancing women.

"Forth came from the grotto a reed-like burst of song, making all start and look that way to behold such enchanting strains. Sounds heralding sights! Swimming in the air, emerged the nymphs, lustrous arms interlocked like Indian jugglers' glittering snakes. Round the cascade they thronged; then paused in its spray. Of a sudden, seemed to spring from its midst a young form of foam, that danced

into the soul like a thought. At last, sideways floating off, it subsided into a grotto, a wave. Evening drawing on apace, the crimson draperies were lifted, and festooned to the arms of the idol-pillars, admitting the rosy light of the even.

"Yielding to the reaction of the banquet, the kings now reclined; and two mute damsels entered: one with a gourd of scented waters; the other with napkins. Bending over Donjalolo's steaming head, the first let fall a shower of aromatic drops, slowly absorbed by her companion. Thus, in turn, all were served; nothing heard but deep breathing.

"In a marble vase they now kindled some incense: a handful of spices.

"Shortly after, came three of the king's beautiful smokers; who, lighting their tubes at this odorous fire, blew over the company the sedative fumes of the Aina.

"Steeped in languor, I strove against it long; essayed to struggle out of the enchanted mist. But a syren hand seemed ever upon me, pressing me back.

"Half revealed, as in a dream, and the last sight that I saw, was Donjalolo—eyes closed, face pale, locks moist, borne slowly to his sedan, to cross the hollow, and wake in the seclusion of his harem."

*A Book of the Hudson. By Geoffrey Crayon. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1849.*

This is the Book of the Hudson, the one whose contents have already made that glorious river a classic stream and rendered thousands familiar with its majesty and beauty who would otherwise have never heard of its unmatched natural charms. Geoffrey Crayon is the good genius of the river, who has thrown a rich and mellow light into its woody gorges and quiet coves, and added a romantic interest to the lofty Kaatskills. It was a happy thought in the author to collect together all the legends he has written in connection with the Hudson, and put them in a volume by themselves. The publisher has done his part well by putting them in a very neat volume which can be slipped into the pocket by the traveller by land or water, and read in any possible position which leisure may bestow. The author exclaims, in an honest outburst of enthusiasm, rather unusual with him:

"I thank God that I was born on the banks of the Hudson. I fancy I can trace much of what is good and pleasant in my own heterogeneous compound to my early companionship with this glorious river. In the warmth of youthful enthusiasm I used to clothe it with moral attributes, and, as it were, give it a soul. I delighted in its frank, bold, honest character; its noble sincerity, and perfect truth. Here was no spacious, smiling surface, covering the shifting sand-bar and perfidious rock, but a stream deep as it was broad, and bearing with honorable faith the bark that trusted to its waves. I gloried in its simple, quiet, majestic, epic flow, ever straight forward, or, if forced aside for once by opposing mountains, struggling bravely through them, and resuming its onward march. Behold, thought I, an emblem of a good man's course through life, ever simple, open, and direct, or, if, overpowered by adverse circumstances, he deviate into error, it is but momentary; he soon resumes his onward and honorable career, and continues it to the end of his pilgrimage.

"The foregoing rhapsody formed part of a paper addressed, some years since, to the editor of a periodical work, introducing certain legends and traditions concerning the Hudson river, found among the papers of Diedrich Knickerbocker. That worthy and truthful historian was one of my earliest and most revered friends, and I owe many of the pleasant associations in my mind with this river to information derived in my youth from that venerable sage. The legends and traditions in existence have hitherto been published in a scattered state, in various miscellaneous works, and mixed up with other writings. It has recently occurred to me that it would be an acceptable homage to his venerated shade, to collect in one volume all that he has written

concerning the river which he loved so well. It occurred to me also that such a volume might form an agreeable and instructive handbook to all intelligent and inquiring travellers about to explore the wonders and beauties of the Hudson. To all such I heartily recommend it, with my best wishes for a pleasant voyage, whether by steamboat or railroad.

*Human Life: Illustrated in my Individual Experience as a Child, a Youth, and a Man. By Henry Clarke Wright. Boston. 1849.*

MR. WRIGHT is a remarkable man, but there is little that can be called remarkable in the record of his life as given by himself; and it strikes us that he has been rather premature in taking Time by the forelock to publish his autobiography. He is but fifty years of age, and being a progressive of the most active order, he may yet live another life, which will read oddly compared with the past. But it is not for us to look a gift horse in the mouth. When a man voluntarily gives his secret history to the world, it is the part of the world to receive it gratefully. Every man should be allowed to know best whether there is anything in him, or concerning him, which the world will be the wiser or better for knowing; and as Mr. Wright is one of those sincere persons who act up to the dictates of their consciences, it is to be presumed that he was induced by honest convictions of duty to publish his individual experiences. There is much that is profitable, and not a little that is merely amusing, while there is hardly anything that is positively objectionable, except on the score of good taste, in these personal gossipings. Mr. Wright informs us that he was born, or rather that he "began to be," in Sharon, County of Litchfield, State of Connecticut, August 29, 1797. When he was four years of age his father moved into the wilderness of Western New York and lived on a farm; here Henry worked as most lads do under similar circumstances, he tended babies, helped to do the work of the family, milked cows, took care of the cattle, and performed his pent in cultivating the farm. The record of his boyish life is written in a style of easy simplicity and frankness which reminds us strongly of Cobbet; it is the pleasantest and most profitable part of the volume and forms as characteristic a picture of American country life as we have ever read. Our author worked on the farm until he was old enough to learn a trade, when he was apprenticed to a hatter; at the age of seventeen he experienced religion, and afterwards studied Latin and Greek with a view to becoming a minister; in due time he entered the Theological Seminary at Andova, was ordained a minister, and preached to a congregation in Massachusetts seven years. But he was not a man to remain long in the bonds of the regular ministry, and soon became a "come outer," and a reformer of the extremest school. He is an advocate of the largest conceivable liberty and a non-resistant of the meekest order. Mr. Wright has travelled much in England and is well known to the reformers of Great Britain, not only from his personal labors among them, but by a memoir of him which was written by one of the Howitt's and published in their Journal. Interspersed through his volume in a promiscuous manner are divers letters written to William Lloyd Garrison, which are a blemish upon the book, although well enough in themselves, because they violently interrupt the flow of the narrative. Mr. Wright is, undoubtedly, a very zealous reformer and a man of strict integrity, but he has been guilty of some extravagances, such as his pamphlet attempting to prove that General Taylor was no better than a mercenary assassin, which we can hardly understand how a sane and honest man could commit. The following extract from his book, which shows how he was converted to tee

totalism, might serve to remind him that men may innocently do wrong, and should, therefore, teach him to have charity for the ignorant sins of others, as it will serve as an example of the style in which his autobiography is written :

"In this state of mind, the temperance movement first became a subject of attention. I had heard of it before I was ordained, but had given little attention to it, being confined to study in my cloister, rather than in society. Study, rather than practical reform, I had considered my duty and calling. About 1823, strenuous efforts were making to do away drunkenness. I had heard and read of these efforts ; and they were often topics of remark in our Association—Rev. G. B. P., of Bradford, being one of the first and foremost leaders in the cause, and a leading man in the Association. About that time, Rev. Dr. Hewitt was lecturing on the subject, with great effect. Newspapers, religious and political, commended the movement. I thought well of it, but did not think it to be my calling, as a minister, to give attention to it, and take part in any public agitation of the question. I felt, as most ministers did then and do now feel, that my great business was to perform divine service on Sunday. I now see this to be an erroneous impression. But the temperance movement was unexpectedly thrust upon my attention.

"The Ministerial Association met at my house in West Newbury. We spent the forenoon reading and commenting on our Hebrew and Greek lesson—most of the members of the Association being present. Mrs. W. prepared a dinner in her usual way for company, considering brandy and wine a necessary part of hospitality, as they were then generally considered. She had been trained to this from childhood in her father's family, and had no idea of setting a dinner table for company without spirits of some kind ; and she kept on her sideboard a large supply of decanters and wine-glasses.

"The Association dinner was ready, and we were called to eat it ; Rev. G. B. P. being the Moderator on that occasion. We all entered the dining room. There was the table, covered with good and wholesome food ; and on one end was a decanter of brandy, and on the other, a decanter of wine. A blessing was asked ; for in those days a divine blessing was asked on brandy, wine and rum, as well as upon wholesome food. We sat down to table, the Moderator, G. B. P., at my left hand. As I was carving, he said, according to our customary mode of address—'Brother Wright, the Association has voted not to have ardent spirit on the table at our dinners, when we meet together. I would like you to take it off.' The others joined in the same request. I thought the Moderator of the Association had no right to interfere with the setting of my dinner table, and that the interference savored a little of impertinent dictation in matters which, I then thought, in no way concerned them. It was optional with them to drink or let it alone ; but I did not see that they, as an Association, had any right to say what I should or should not have on my table. I answered accordingly, and said—'I know not what the Association has voted, nor should I heed it if I did, unless I saw reasons aside from their mere vote for complying. I do not see reasons for complying now. The brandy and wine are on the table, and there they will remain ; though, of course, those who do not wish, will not be expected to partake of them.' This settled the matter at once ; the brandy and wine remained, but not one partook of either.

"As the Association broke up and separated, G. B. P. called me one side, and in his mild, kind, but plain and direct manner, said—'Brother Wright, you will think better of our vote to exclude ardent spirits from our dinners, when you better understand the reasons for it.' 'And what are they ?' I asked. 'Inquire,' said he, 'into the state of our churches and towns in reference to drunkenness ; look into the condition of your own town and parish ; and I am sure you will find a justification of our vote, and a good reason for abiding by it, in all our future meetings.' I said, 'I will examine the subject, and if I find reason for it, I will heartily help to carry out the vote, and to promote the temperance cause. I already feel quite dissatisfied with my conduct at the table.'

"I kept my promise, and the result was, the formation of a total abstinence society in the place. A change came over the people ; the drinking custom, to a good extent, was abandoned, and the labor of farmers and mechanics was performed without intoxicating drinks."

*Layard's Nineveh and its Remains. 2d vol. G. P. Putnam. New York.*

THE second volume of this great work has been published by Mr. Putnam in a style to correspond with the first, of

which we have already given a notice in our Review of last month. The second volume is even more interesting than the first, and it is illustrated with a great number of cuts and diagrams. We extract the following interesting observation on

#### ASSYRIAN PALACES.

"The interior of the Assyrian palaces must have been as magnificent as imposing. I have led the reader through its ruins, and he may judge of the impression its halls were calculated to make upon the stranger who, in the days of old, entered for the first time the abode of the Assyrian kings.—He was ushered in through the portal guarded by the colossal lions or bulls of white alabaster. In the first hall he found himself surrounded by the sculptured records of the empire. Battles, sieges, triumphs, the exploits of the chase, the ceremonies of religion, were portrayed on the walls, sculptured in alabaster, and painted in gorgeous colors.—Under each picture were engraved, in characters filled up with bright copper, inscriptions describing the scenes represented. Above the sculptures were painted other events—the king, attended by his eunuchs and warriors, receiving his prisoners, entering into alliances with other monarchs, or performing some sacred duty. These representations were enclosed in colored borders, of elaborate and elegant design. The emblematic tree, winged bulls, and monstrous animals, were conspicuous among the ornaments. At the upper end of the hall was the colossal figure of the king in adoration before the supreme deity, or receiving from his eunuch the holy cup. He was attended by warriors bearing his arms, and by the priests or presiding divinities. His robes, and those of his followers, were adorned with groups of figures, animals, and flowers, all painted with brilliant colors.

"The stranger trod upon alabaster slabs, each bearing an inscription, recording the titles, genealogy and achievements of the great king. Several doorways, formed by gigantic winged lions or bulls, or by the figures of guardian deities, led into other apartments, which again opened into more distant halls. In each were new sculptures. On the walls of some were processions of colossal figures—armed men and eunuchs following the king, warriors laden with spoil, leading prisoners, or bearing presents and offerings to the gods. On the walls of others were portrayed the winged priests, or presiding divinities, standing before the sacred trees.

"The ceilings above him were divided into square compartments, painted with flowers, or with the figures of animals. Some were inlaid with ivory, each compartment being surrounded by elegant borders and mouldings. The beams, as well as the sides of the chambers, may have been gilded, or even plated, with gold and silver ; and the rarest woods, in which the cedar was conspicuous, were used for the wood-work. Square openings in the ceilings of the chambers admitted the light of day. A pleasing shadow was thrown over the sculptured walls, and gave a majestic expression to the human features of the colossal forms which guarded the entrances. Through these apertures were seen the bright blue of an eastern sky, enclosed in a frame, on which were painted vivid colors, the winged circle, in the midst of elegant ornaments, and the graceful forms of ideal animals.

"These edifices, as it has been shown, were great national monuments, upon the walls of which were represented in sculpture, or inscribed in alphabetic characters, the chronicles of the empire. He who entered them might thus read the history, and learn the glory and triumphs of the nation. They served, at the same time, to bring continually to the remembrance of those who assembled within them on festive occasions, or for the celebration of religious ceremonies, the deeds of their ancestors, and the power and majesty of their gods.

"It would appear that the events recorded in the buildings hitherto examined, apply only to the kings who founded them. Thus, in the earliest palace of Nimrod, we find one name constantly repeated ; the same at Kouyunjik and Khorsabad. In some edifices, as at Kouyunjik, each chamber is reserved for some particular historical incident ; thus, on the walls of one, we find the conquest of a people residing on the banks of two rivers, clothed with groves of palms, the trees and rivers being repeated in almost every bas-relief. On those of a second is represented a country watered by one river, and thickly wooded with the oak or some other tree. In the bas-reliefs of a third we have lofty mountains, their summits covered with firs, and their sides with oaks and vines. In every chamber the scene appears to be different.

"It was customary in the later Assyrian monuments to write, over the sculptured representation of a captured city, its name, always preceded by a determinative letter or sign.

Short inscriptions were also generally placed above the head of the king in the palace at Kouyunjik, preceded by some words apparently signifying 'this is,' and followed by others giving his name and title. The whole legend probably ran, 'This is such an one (the name,) the king of the country of Assyria.' At Khorsabad similar short inscriptions are frequently found above less important figures, or upon their robes; a practice which, it has been seen, prevailed afterwards among the Persians. I may observe, that in the earliest palace of Nimroud, such descriptive notices have never been found introduced into the bas-reliefs.

"Were these magnificent mansions, palaces, or temples? or, whilst the king combined the character of a temporal ruler with that of a high priest or type of the religion of the people, did his residence unite the palace, the temple, and a national monument raised to perpetuate the triumphs and conquests of the nation? These are questions which cannot yet be satisfactorily answered. We can only judge by analogy. The religious character of the king is evident from a very casual examination of the sculptures. The priests or presiding deities (whichever the winged figures so frequently found on the Assyrian monuments may be) are represented as waiting upon, or ministering to him; above his head are the emblems of the divinity—the winged figure within the circle, the sun, the moon, and the planets. As in Egypt, he may have been regarded as the representative, on earth, of the deity; receiving his power directly from the gods, and the organ of communication between them and his subjects. All the edifices hitherto discovered in Assyria, have precisely the same character; so that we have most probably the palace and temple combined; for in them the deeds of the king, and of the nation, are united with religious symbols, and with the statues of the gods.

"Of the exterior architecture of these edifices, no traces remain. I examined as carefully as I was able the sides of the great mound at Nimroud, and of other ruins in Assyria; but there were no fragments of sculptured blocks, cornices, columns, or other architectural ornaments, to afford any clue to the nature of the façade. It is probable that as the building was raised on a lofty platform, and was conspicuous from all parts of the surrounding country, its exterior walls were either cased with sculptured slabs or painted. This mode of decorating public buildings appears to have prevailed in Assyria. On the outside of the principal palace of Babylon, built by Semiramis, were painted, on bricks, men and animals; even on the towers were hunting scenes, in which were distinguished Semiramis herself on horseback, throwing a javelin at a panther, and Ninus slaying a lion with his lance. The walls of Ecbatana, according to Herodotus, were also painted in different colors. The largest of these walls (there were seven round the city) was white, the next was black, the third purple, the fourth blue, the fifth orange. The two inner walls were differently ornamented, one having its battlements plated with silver, the other with gold. At Khorsabad a series of alabaster slabs, on which were represented gigantic figures bearing tribute, appeared to M. Botta to be an outer wall, as there were no remains of building beyond it. It is possible that the sculptures on the edge of the ravine in the north-west palace of Nimroud, also apparently captives bearing tribute, may have formed part of the north façade of the building, opening upon a flight of steps, or upon a road leading from the river to the great hall.

"We may conjecture, therefore, that the outer walls, like the inner, were cased with sculptured slabs below, and painted with figures of animals and other devices above; and thus ornamented, in the clear atmosphere of Assyria, their appearance would be far from displeasing to the eye. They were probably protected by a projecting roof; and, in a dry climate, they would not quickly suffer injury from mere exposure to the air. The total disappearance of the alabaster slabs may be easily accounted for by their position. They would probably have remained outside the building, when the interior was buried; or they may have fallen to the foot of the mound, where they soon perished, or where they may perhaps still exist under the accumulated rubbish."

*Astoria; or, Anecdotes of an Enterprise beyond the Rocky Mountains. By Washington Irving. New York. G. P. Putnam. 1849.*

WHEN this work was first published the world had not been flooded with volumes of Rocky Mountain adventure, and of Life in the Far West, as it has since been; but, even amid the many works of a similar character with which the American press teems, the *Astoria* of Irving is still fresh, instructive and entertaining, and the wild life of adventure and commercial enterprise, of which it is a record, is still

an exciting theme. *Astoria* forms Vol. VIII of the complete works of the author, published by Putnam, and is, in all external respects, like the volumes that have preceded it.

*Confidential Disclosures; or, Memoirs of my Youth. By Alphonse De Lamartine. Translated from the French by Eugene Plunkett. New York. D. Appleton & Co. 1849.*

*Memoirs of my Youth. By A. De Lamartine. New York. Harper and Brothers. 1849.*

WE have here two versions of the same book published simultaneously but in different styles, the Harpers' edition being a cheap one, while that of the Appletons is published in the ordinarily neat style in which they issue works of this class. These "Notes," as the author calls them, were published in the *Fenilleton* of the *Presse*, a Paris newspaper, and the author apologizes for thus exposing the tender fibres of his heart, as he calls his confidential disclosures, to the touch of the rude world, on the score of poverty, and a desire to save his estate of Milley from being sold by the auctioneer. The motive would have been a sufficient apology even if the confidences had been of a more strictly private character than they are; but they contain nothing which the poet-statesman need fear to expose to the world, even in that "base coin of books," the *Fenilleton*. M. de Lamartine is the most poetical of prose writers, and the memoir of his youth appears like a sentimental romance when compared with the autobiographies of other authors. His whole history has been a romance, but the most startling portion of it has been passed since *Les Confidences* were written.—He will have a strange story to tell of his life if he should write a memoir of his mature years as he has done of his youth.

*Guide to the Temple of Time and Universal History of Schools. By Emma Willard. New York. A. S. Barnes. 1849.*

WE have not been able to form an opinion as to the philosophical truth of the system of teaching history adopted by Mrs. Willard in this neatly printed book. She is an experienced teacher, and the success of her other school books should be a presumptive guarantee of the merits of this. So far as we have examined it, the principle upon which it is framed appears to us to be a good one.

*Agnes Morris; or, the Heroine of Domestic Life. New York. Harper and Brothers. 1849.*

It is a pleasure, among the multitude of re-publications of English, French and German books with which we are overrun, to come across a copy-right work which has an odor of originality about it; but the pleasure would be greatly enhanced if the work possessed some strong characteristic American points. *Agnes Morris* is a small novel of domestic American life, from the pen of a beginner in literature, we should judge from the style. It should be called the Hero of domestic life and not the Heroine, for the chief personage is one of those real heroes, a good man who patiently endures the curse of a petulant, selfish, exacting and jealous wife. There is no heroism to equal this, because it demands a spirit of forbearance and a willingness to endure suffering without hope, and all in obedience to a marriage vow. If there is a spectacle on earth to make angels weep it is that of a good man thus circumstanced. The author, whether man or woman, of *Agnes Morris* has felt the ills of such a state, for the imagination could form no such picture of "real distress" as this:

"Mr. Morris had no conception of his own sufferings.—He had no notion how much he endured with his wife. His sacrifices of his social feelings were really immense, but he

did not know it. He compensated himself for these million acts of Christian self-denial, by doing a great deal of work, and very wisely bestowing a great deal of charity. He held himself aloof from his most estimable female friends, simply because they were women. He always shook hands with a lady as if it were an act of doubtful morality, and once only had he taken Miss Abbott's hand, and then he dropped it quickly, as though it had been a piece of red hot iron; and yet they had been acquainted, some said very intimate friends, a good while since. But with all his care he could not satisfy Mrs. Morris. She seemed to have an ever-present consciousness that she had no business with her husband, and that he belonged to every body else, a good deal more than he did to her. But this fact never entered into his consciousness. It was enough for him that the law pronounced her his wife, and that she was the mother of his child, his darling Agnes, and he had a constant regret that all he did, and all he did not do, failed to make his wife happy. He even seemed to think, that if Mrs. M. could be happy, he should be very happy."

There are a good many well drawn domestic scenes in Agnes Morris, and the story is a pleasant one.

*The Good and the Bad in the Roman Catholic Church: Is that Church to be Destroyed or Reformed? A Letter from Rome.* By Rev. H. M. Field. 12mo. New York. G. P. Putnam.

THE motive of this address is very remarkable considering that it emanates from a Presbyterian preacher, who belongs to a religious sect that has denounced the Romish Church without stint, and in exposing its errors has never awarded it any virtues. Mr. Field is more catholic than his class generally are, and he has shown a praiseworthy degree of moral courage in attempting to tone the bitterness of feeling which has heretofore existed against the Romish church into a more generous and forgiving spirit. There is, undoubtedly, much that is good in the Romish church, but that is not the question to be decided by disinterested judges; the question for the world is, whether or not the good of that church is a sufficient compensation for the bad, which also, beyond denial, exists in it. Mr. Field says:

"I feel alternately admiration and disgust for the Roman Catholic Church. And if any man tells me that this is inconsistent, I answer that it is this very inconsistency which is alone consistent with truth. Human institutions are not wholly good or wholly bad. And he who praises or blames without discrimination is sure to be wrong.

"Protestants generally will not admit that there is any thing good in the Roman Church. They can never look at the Romish dogmas and worship as a Catholic does, even long enough to judge of them. To do so would almost require a transmigration of souls. I have tried to lay aside this prejudice as far as possible, and to look around with an impartial eye. I see enough of evil in this poor world to make me willing to recognize the least appearances of good.

"The Holy Week is just past. This is the season of the year at which the Catholic Church fixes the date of our Lord's death, and puts in requisition all the pomp of its ceremonies to celebrate his last week on earth, from his entry into Jerusalem to his death and resurrection. The idea is a beautiful one, of recalling at a fixed anniversary the closing scenes of our Saviour's life; and here, at least, thought I, I shall witness the spirit of Catholic devotion.

"I prepared myself, by reading the explanation by Catholic writers of the ceremonies of Holy Week, and when Palm Sunday came—on which the Pope blesses palm branches, in commemoration of Christ's entry into Jerusalem, when the people strewed palms in the way—I set out for St. Peter's, trying to divest myself of every particle of bigotry, and in a mood to be edified with any thing that had the semblance of devotion.

"But what did I see! The Pope riding to church in a coach with six horses, and followed by a body of cavalry.—He was carried into St. Peter's on men's shoulders, and after a while carried out again, and then brought in again, and then carried out again. The Cardinals advanced to the foot of the throne, arrayed in the most costly silks and furs, and knelt to kiss his robe, and receive the palm which he blessed. The whole had the air of a holiday show, and with the music, which kept up a constant blast, produced about the

same dramatic effect as a well-acted and well-sung opera. Not a single thing had on my mind a religious impression. The only thing at all impressive was the kneeling of the Swiss Guards on the pavement at a passage in the chant which described the Saviour expiring; and even this was done with such a flourish that it made nobody serious. It was from beginning to end a *show*, and so Catholics as well as Protestants seemed to regard it. None of that solemn stillness which reigns in our Protestant places of worship was there. I felt sad to think that this was the homage addressed to God.

"The other services of the week produced the same impression as the first. On Thursday the Pope washed the feet of thirteen pilgrims in imitation of Christ at the last supper. Yet this act of apparent humility was somewhat diminished by the dozen assistants who surrounded him. (I know there were so many, for I counted them.) The Pope afterwards waited on these pilgrims at dinner; that is, he placed on the table the dishes which the Bishops and other high dignitaries on their knees handed to him!

"On the whole, the impression of Holy Week was very unfavorable. I turned with pain from seeing the adoration of relics, and hearing the Miserere chanted by eunuchs.—The experience of the week made me feel more than ever that Romanism was an *empty shell*, a form once, perhaps, animated by faith, but to-day a withered mummy, from which the soul had long since departed. It is a sublime architecture. It is a mighty tradition. But it is not a Religion. Such, said I, is Romanism at Rome, and all the efforts of Oxford men in England, or of Mr. Brownson in America, to galvanize this dead body, may produce some convulsive twitchings at those extremities, but can never send back life to the heart.

"Such was my first impression. Truth now compels me to say that I have attended other services of the Catholic Church less ostentatious, which have had upon me a very different effect. I go often to the Convent of Trinità dei Monti, to hear the nuns sing their evening hymn, and it would be quite impossible for me to describe the effect upon my feelings. I listen till my heart dissolves. It seems as if some choir of the blessed were chanting a celestial hymn; as if that tender and plaintive melody, which comes to bear up my soul from gloom, were the distant music of angels.

"Oftimes too, at such an hour, I see the most simple and earnest devotion kneeling on the pavement of the church. I ask no questions, but there is a look which tells me that the thoughts of the worshippers are fixed on something beyond this world. A look of sorrow and yet of peace. And often I say to myself, as I see men and women who have evidently led a life of extreme poverty and suffering, kneeling on the church floor, 'While we sneer at their worship, these poor beings are ascending to heaven.'

"The contrast of these different services produces in my mind a confused feeling in regard to the Roman Church. I see evil there, but I see good also. And if I denounce the one, I will not deny or disparage the other.

"Besides the fact stares me in the face that this Church has produced innumerable Saints—some of an order of saintliness which has hardly a parallel in the world's history. If she has had a Cesar Borgia, she has had also a Charles Borromeo, a Francis Xavier, a Pascal and Fenelon. I often go to the Church of Jesus in this city to muse at the tomb of Ignatius Loyola. This simple inscription is written over his body, AD MAJOREM DEI GLORIAM. Was ever epitaph more simple or just? And shall I deny that such a man was a Christian, when his heroic self-denial, his voluntary poverty and labors, put to shame the Protestant world?

"Farther observation has led me to modify still further my views of the Roman Catholic Church; to discover in it many things beautiful, of happy influence, and worthy of imitation. To these I am happy to bear a tribute of admiration. Our condemnation as Protestants of what is bad would come with a better grace, and produce more effect, if we showed a readiness to appreciate and acknowledge what is good. There are several pleasing aspects which I wish particularly to notice:

"First—The Catholic Church eminently cherishes the feeling of Reverence. Its history, its associations, its very architecture, contribute to this. Its age of itself makes it venerable, and supplies many touching associations which Protestantism wholly wants. It has been the faith of a large part of mankind for eighteen centuries. Millions have staked their eternal salvation upon its truth, and supported the agonies of life and of death upheld by its hope. They have found in its communion comfort, joy and peace. A cloud of witnesses seems to fill the arches of every cathedral, and stretch forward like a shining column into heaven."

## TOPICS OF THE MONTH.



ITTING one rainy night in a rail-road car on the way between Philada. and Baltimore, while trying to coax ourself into a doze, we heard a passenger behind us say to his companion, "what a mighty deal of things can be jammed into twenty-four hours by the aid of steam and lighting;" and since we took up our pen, to finish the monthly topics for the June number of our Magazine, the observation of our railroad unknown has obtruded itself upon our mind, and looking back upon the last six months, we involuntarily exclaimed, "what a deal of things we have crowded into this department of 'Holden' since the commencement of this volume." The price paid by each subscriber for this six month's entertainment, is most absurdly disproportioned to the labor bestowed in producing it. For the evanescent enjoyment of an evening's entertainment at a concert, fifty cents are freely given, and here, for the same sum, we give each month a handsomely printed book, in which many writers of varied talent have contributed their thoughts and imaginings, and various artists have contributed the embodiments of their fancies. But, we would sooner write for twenty thousand readers, at this rate of compensation, than sing to two or three hundred for the larger pay. It is no small satisfaction to know that you are addressing a large audience, which more than compensates for the reflection that the sum which each contributes to remunerate you for your trouble is so trifling; and we close up the 3d Volume of the Magazine with renewed satisfaction, in the results of our efforts towards the cheapening of the price and improving the quality of popular reading. The gradual increase in our subscription list, encourages us to make new efforts for the next volume, which will be commenced with the July number. We can hardly promise any increase of the material attractions of the work, but we can promise that they shall be fully maintained, and the new assistance which we have obtained in the contributions of new and vigorous writers, will hereafter render the reading matter of our pages of a fresher and more national character than it has hitherto been. There is an immense amount of available literary talent lying dormant, unemployed and unappreciated, which it is the mission of our magazines to develop; we have already had the good fortune to hit upon two or three veins of precious metal, which we hope to work to the triple advantage of ourselves, the public, and the proprietors of the ore, which, through the aid of our columns, shall become *deterre*. There is little danger of the old monarchs of

mind falling into neglect for the lack of notice, but the anxiety which our literary organ grinders show, to overtop each other in the bestowal of praises on those to whom praise is a useless commodity, would lead the world to believe that all the old notorieties in the literary world were in danger of being cast into the pit of oblivion. But, while there is this feverish anxiety to gild refined gold and throw perfumes upon a bed of violets, the new comers in the world of art and literature are either treated with cold disdain, or severely dealt with for trifling faults, which in old favorites would be wholly overlooked. The fulsome compliments, the lavish praises, and extended reviews, bestowed upon Macaulay's history by every paper, review, magazine, or other vehicle for literary opinions throughout the country, manifest a snobbish anxiety to beslobber great names with compliments, which is not very creditable to the character of our literary periodicals. We have no wish to detract from the merits of Macaulay's History, or to express an opinion contrary to the general suffrage regarding the beauties of that popular work, but there is no need for the whole country to erect itself into a point of admiration, and exclaim, with awe struck astonishment, "how beautiful!" There have been exceptions to this prevalent fever of literary puffery, but they have been very few. The only discriminating notice of the history which we have seen, that pointed out the blemishes of the work as well as its beauties, appeared in the Louisville Journal, a paper which often contains criticisms of a high character, and now and then an original poem of great beauty.

One of the prominent topics of the last month among literary people, was the report of the lunacy of those two distinguished New York authors, Charles F. Hoffman and Fitz Green Halleck. The reports went that they were both stark, staring and raving mad, and a vast amount of pathetic compassion was let off by the country papers, respecting the double catastrophe by which two such brilliant minds had become totally eclipsed. Mr. Hoffman, the reports stated, was confined in the lunatic asylum in Philadelphia, while Mr. Halleck was in a straight jacket at the Bloomingdale establishment. Yet Mr. Hoffman was in the enjoyment of remarkably good health, bodily and mentally, in the country, and Mr. Halleck was confined to his bed of a fever in his own house. While these reports were flying about we chanced to be in Washington, and were startled by the sudden appearance, at Willard's Hotel, of our friend Hoffman, looking remarkably bright and composed, in company with H. R. Schoolcraft the learned antiquarian, who is happily situated at the capitol with a position to his liking in the Indian department. Speaking of Washington, reminds us of another New Yorker who has drawn a prize in the great whig lottery, of which General Taylor drew the highest. Mr. Charles Lanman, who is well known by his racy outdoor letters, which have been published in different quarters, has a remarkably pleasant situation as librarian of the War Department, one of the pleasantest posts that a literary man could have been placed in. The Whigs cannot be charged with neglecting the literary men in their party; the first diplomatic appointment made was that of Mr. E. G. Squier, the author of the first publication of the Smithsonian Institute, as Charge to Guatemala, where he will be able to finish the deeply interesting antiquarian explorations, commenced by our countryman Stephens in connection with the artist Catherwood. As Mr. Squier draws with his pencil as

well as with his pen, we may look for some important sketches of the remains of the Nineveh of the New World in Central America. Mr. Lanman's new employment will give him abundant leisure and opportunities for prosecuting his literary undertakings. We understand that his letters from the Alleghanies, which were published last year in the *National Intelligencer*, are to be reissued in handsome book form. They are descriptive of the most romantic and least visited portion of the country, the Southern parts of the Alleghany Mountains. The following sketch of a mighty hunter of that wild region, Adam Vandever, will give a favorable impression of the descriptive powers and habits of observation of Mr. Lanman:

"The subject of my present letter is *Adam Vandever*, 'the Hunter of Tallulah.' His fame reached my ears soon after arriving at this place, and, having obtained a guide, I paid him a visit at his residence, which is planted directly at the mouth of the Tallulah chasm. He lives in a log-cabin, occupying the centre of a small valley, through which the Tallulah river winds its wayward course. It is completely hemmed in on all sides by wild and abrupt mountains, and one of the most romantic and beautiful nooks imaginable. *Vandever* is about sixty years of age, small in stature, has a regular built weasel face, a small gray eye, and wears a long white beard. He was born in South Carolina, spent his early manhood in the wilds of Kentucky, and the last thirty years of his life in the wilderness of Georgia. By way of a frolic, he took a part in the Creek war, and is said to have killed more Indians than any other white man in the army. In the battle of *Ottassee* alone, he is reported to have sent his rifle-ball through the hearts of twenty poor heathen, merely because they had an undying passion for their native hills, which they could not bear to leave for an unknown wilderness. But *Vandever* aimed his rifle at the command of his country, and of course the charge of cold-blooded butchery does not rest upon his head. He is now living with his *third* wife, and claims to be the father of *over thirty children*, only five of whom, however, are living under his roof, the remainder being dead or scattered over the world. During the summer months he tills, with his own hand, the few acres of land which constitute his domain. His live stock consists of a mule and some half dozen goats, together with a number of dogs.

"On inquiring into his forest life, he gave me, among others, the following particulars. When the hunting season commences, early in November, he supplies himself with every variety of shooting materials, steel-traps, and a comfortable stock of provisions, and, placing them upon his mule, starts for some wild region among the mountains, where he remains until the following spring. The shanty which he occupies during this season is of the rudest character, with one side always open, as he tells me, for the purpose of having an abundance of fresh air. In killing wild animals he pursues but two methods, called 'fire lightning' and 'still-hunting.' His favorite game is the deer, but he is not particular, and secures the fur of every four-legged creature which may happen to cross his path. The largest number of skins that he ever brought home at one time was six hundred, among which were those of the bear, the black and gray wolf, the panther, the wild-cat, the fox, the coon, and some dozen other varieties. He computes the entire number of deer that he has killed in his lifetime at four thousand. When spring arrives, and he purposes to return to his valley home, he packs his furs upon his old mule, and, seating himself upon the pile of plunder, makes a bee-line out of the wilderness. And, by those who have seen him in this homeward-bound condition, I am told that he pre-

sents one of the most curious and romantic pictures imaginable. While among the mountains, his beast subsists upon whatever it may happen to glean in its forest rambles, and, when the first supply of his own provisions is exhausted, he usually contents himself with wild game, which he is often compelled to devour unaccompanied with bread or salt. His mule is the smallest and most miserable looking creature of the kind that I ever saw, and glories in the singular name of '*The Devil and Tom Walker*.' When *Vandever* informed me of this fact, which he did with a self-satisfied air, I told him that the first portion of the mule's name was more applicable to himself than to the dumb beast; whereupon he 'grinned horribly a ghastly smile,' as if I had paid him a compliment. Old *Vandever* is an illiterate man, and when I asked him to give me his opinion of President Polk, he replied: 'I never seed the Governor of this State; for, when he come to this country some years ago, I was off on 'tother side of the ridge, shooting deer. I voted for the General, and that's all I know about him.'—Very well! and this, thought I, is one of the freemen of our land, who help to elect our rulers!

"On questioning my hunter friend with regard to some of his adventures, he commenced a rigmarole narrative, which would have lasted a whole month had I not politely requested him to keep his mouth closed while I took a portrait of him in pencil. His stories all bore a strong family likeness, but were evidently to be relied on, and proved conclusively that the man knew not what it was to fear. As specimens of the whole, I will outline a few. On one occasion he came up to a large gray wolf, into whose head he discharged a ball. The animal did not drop, but made its way into an adjoining cavern and disappeared. *Vandever* waited awhile at the opening, and as he could not see or hear his game, he concluded that it had ceased to breathe, whereupon he fell upon his hands and knees, and entered the cave. On reaching the bottom, he found the wolf alive, when a 'clinch fight' ensued, and the hunter's knife completely severed the heart of the animal. On dragging out the dead wolf into the sunlight, it was found that his lower jaw had been broken, which was probably the reason why he had not succeeded in destroying the hunter.

"At one time, when he was out of ammunition, his dogs fell upon a large bear, and it so happened that the latter got one of the former in his power, and was about to squeeze it to death. This was a sight the hunter could not endure, so he unsheathed his huge hunting-knife and assaulted the black monster. The bear tore off nearly every rag of his clothing, and in making his first plunge with the knife he completely cut off two of his own fingers instead of injuring the bear. He was now in a perfect phrenzy of pain and rage, and in making another effort succeeded to his satisfaction, and gained the victory. That bear weighed three hundred and fifty pounds.

"On another occasion he had fired at a large buck near the brow of a precipice some thirty feet high, which hangs over one of the pools in the Tallulah river. On seeing the buck drop, he took it for granted that he was about to die, when he approached the animal for the purpose of cutting its throat. To his great surprise, however, the buck suddenly sprang to his feet and made a tremendous rush at the hunter with a view of throwing him off the ledge. But what was more remarkable, the animal succeeded in its effort, though not until *Vandever* had obtained a fair hold of the buck's antlers, when the twain performed a summerset into the pool below. The buck made its escape, and *Vandever* was not seriously injured in any particular. About a month subsequent to that time he killed a buck, which had a bullet

wound in the lower part of its neck, whereupon he concluded that he had finally triumphed over the animal which had given him the unexpected ducking.

"But the most remarkable escape which old Vandever ever experienced happened on this wise. He was encamped upon one of the loftiest mountains in Union county. It was near the twilight hour, and he had heard the howl of a wolf. With a view of ascertaining the direction whence it came, he climbed upon an immense boulder-rock, (weighing perhaps fifty tons,) which stood on the very brow of a steep hill side. While standing upon this boulder he suddenly felt a swinging sensation, and to his astonishment he found that it was about to make a fearful plunge into the ravine half a mile below him. As fortune would have it, the limb of an oak tree drooped over the rock; and, as the rock started from its tottish foundation, he seized the limb, and thereby saved his life. The dreadful crashing of the boulder as it descended the mountain side came to the hunter's ear while he was suspended in the air, and by the time it had reached the bottom he dropped himself on the very spot which had been vacated by the boulder. Vandever said that this was the only time in his life when he had been really frightened; and he also added, that for one day after this escape he did not care a finger's snap for the finest game in the wilderness.

"While on my visit to Vandever's cabin, one of his boys came home from a fishing expedition, and on examining his fish I was surprised to find a couple of *shad* and three or four *striped bass* or *rock-fish*. They had been taken in the Tallulah, just below the chasm, by means of a wicker net, and at a point distant from the ocean at least two hundred and fifty miles. I had been informed that the Tallulah abounded in trout, but I was not prepared to find salt-water fish in this remote mountain wilderness.

"Since I have introduced the above youthful Vandever to my readers, I will record a single one of his deeds, which ought to give him a fortune, or at least an education. The incident occurred when he was in his twelfth year. He and a younger brother had been gathering berries on a mountain side, and were distant from home about two miles. While carelessly tramping down the weeds and bushes, the younger boy was bitten by a rattlesnake on the calf of his leg. In a few moments thereafter the unhappy child fell to the ground in great pain, and the pair were of course in unexpected tribulation. The elder boy, having succeeded in killing the rattlesnake, conceived the idea, as the only alternative, of carrying his little brother home upon his back. And this deed did the noble fellow accomplish. For two long miles did he carry his heavy burden, over rocks and down the water courses, and in an hour after he had reached his father's cabin the younger child was dead; and the heroic boy was in a state of insensibility from the fatigue and heat which he had experienced. He recovered, however, and is now apparently in the enjoyment of good health, though when I fixed my admiring eyes upon him it seemed to me that he was far from being strong, and it was evident that a shadow rested upon his brow."

A RELIC OF THE LATE JOHN SANDERSON.—John Sanderson, of Philadelphia, was one of the most polished and delightful prose writers that America has produced; he was the author of a great number of essays and short stories, which were published in various periodicals, and of one book, *The American in Paris*, which is a model of graceful and elegant travel-writing. The celebrated *feuilletonist*, Jules Janin, made it the model of his "*Winter in Paris*," and fell far short of the original. There was a singular de-

fect in nearly all of Sanderson's writings which has caused them to be neglected, and less known than they would have been but for this unaccountable blemish. In nearly everything that he wrote there was a disposition shown to overstep that line of delicacy in alluding to subjects which were freely discussed by the writers of the last century, that can only be accounted for on the ground that his scholarly habits prevented him from appreciating the full meaning of the expressions he used. The following lines were written by him and sent to a literary periodical in this city, a few days previous to his death, for publication; in turning over some old papers the other day they were discovered, having been mislaid, at the time they were received. They do not possess much poetical merit, but as a relic of one of our finest prose writers they will doubtless be read with interest by many who knew him:

#### OUR OWN NATIVE COUNTRY.

A NATIONAL ODE, BY PROF. J. SANDERSON.

"Know ye the land" where a wide forest growing,  
The Red Man late cours'd the deep shades in the chase;  
Where the earth, in luxuriance, her bounties bestowing,  
Gave her fruits to an untutor'd race?

'Tis the world of Columbus, the clime of the free,  
That sphere, 'mong whose mountains came forth  
Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the conscience-led stranger  
A wand'ring bark moor'd, and 'mid snows rear'd his  
cot;

Where the Red lord bid welcome the friend of the man-  
And in peace with him shar'd his wild lot?

'Tis the coast of old Plymouth, the shore of the free,  
That rock where the mayflow'r embrac'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the Puritan planted  
His self-banish'd worthies, man's rights the great cause;  
Where the free-school had birth, where the glad song is  
And the people make rulers and laws? [chanted,  
'Tis the land of the Pilgrims, the light of the free,  
That nurse in whose cradle was rock'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where in civilization,  
Like flow'rs of the tropics, sprang villas and towns;  
Where "equality" foster'd the germ of a nation,  
Till republicans smil'd upon crowns?  
'Tis the land of the Yankees, the pride of the free,  
That garden of green hills where grows Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where oppression did waken  
A spirit that hom'd "independence" to seize;  
Where the soul's high resolve, in its purpose unshaken,  
Bid the "stripes" and the "stars" float the breeze?  
'Tis the land of our Fathers, the boast of the free,  
That field where the valiant proclaim'd Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where a Washington flourish'd,  
Where titles and honors by merit they scan;  
Where the patriot, the statesman, and heroes are nourish'd,  
And 'tis talent with worth makes the man?  
'Tis the land we inherit, the joy of the free,  
That throneless asylum where dwells Liberty.

"Know ye the land" where the heart with commotion  
Ne'er trembles in awe of a potentate's rod;  
Where, in faith, at the altar, with truth and devotion,  
Each may worship in spirit his God?  
'Tis our land of the Bible, the shield of the free,  
That sacred palladium of all Liberty.

NEANDER.—This celebrated German philosopher whose church history is so well known in this country to theological students and general readers, is thus graphically described by "Sigma," one of the foreign correspondents of the *Courier and Enquirer*, in a letter from Berlin:

"I had the opportunity, the other day, of seeing the celebrated Professor Neander. I first went in the morning to the University to hear him deliver an exegetical lecture, upon a chapter in the New Testament. His personal appearance was as singular as his mode of addressing his audience was extraordinary. His forehead, broad and high, was almost wholly covered by his long uncombed black hair, and its base was bounded by a massive ridge, jutting far outwards, and surrounded by thick shaggy eyebrows. His eyes were so deeply sunken, and concealed by his half-closed eye-lids, that neither their color nor their form were discernable. His nose and his mouth were rudely shaped, and his complexion was of that dark, dry, sallow cast, that mark years of intense study and reflection. His form was thin, bent, and loosely knit, and his carriage and attitude the most careless and graceless possible. He had on a white cravat, and a grayish frock coat reaching below his knees. Fancy such a man, standing on a slightly elevated platform, his left arm resting on the corner of a desk four feet high, his left hand shading his eyes from the light, his right hand holding within three or four inches of his face a large-typed Greek Testament, from which he never withdraws his intense look—and further, fancy him with the whole upper half of his person bent over in an angle of nearly forty-five degrees, balancing the desk upon its two back legs, and with his left foot kept constantly crossed over his right, except when occasionally, either through caprice, or to restore the equilibrium of the desk, he suddenly retracts it as if about to take a desperate leap, and as suddenly replaces it—and still further, fancy him perfectly absorbed in his subject, and speaking with a slow monotonous utterance, interrupted only by a pause when he has to ask from one of the students a word which he cannot recognize on account of imperfect sight—and you have a faithful picture of the most philosophical historian and perhaps most profound theologian living, in *rapporment* with his young disciples."

WALL STREET OPERATIONS.—As one-half the world don't know how the other half lives, so another half of the world don't know how the other makes money. What is usually called "making money," in nine cases out of ten is nothing more than legally stealing it. The following plain statement of one of the methods of making money in Wall street, is copied from the money article of a city paper. It will appear like a strange thing to many simple people who know that there are usury laws in our State which make it a penal offence to take more than 7 per cent. interest for the use of money:

"Many people not acquainted in Wall street, and with Wall street operations, doubt the statement that a large amount of money is loaned every day to merchants and speculators at 1-4 per cent. a day—7 1-2 per cent. a month—or ninety-one and a quarter per cent. per annum. Of course no one can afford to pay this interest, neither can they afford to pay 2 per cent. a month; and it is doubtful if they can pay 7 or even 6 per cent. per annum, on any considerable amount. But there are a great many that pay 1-4 per cent. a day on small amounts; and as the number who want money is large in proportion to the number that will be guilty of this species of robbery, (lending money at 1 1/4 per cent. a day,) there is almost always a demand for it. Woodward and Dusenbury, in connexion with their business

of buying and selling merchant's notes and reputation, have done a large business and made a good deal of money in this way. They are not the only ones (out of the brokers' line) that have doubled their capital within the last few years by lending money at 91 per cent. interest. Some, who claim to be respectable merchants, in Pine, Broad and William sts., have accumulated a good deal of property by usury at this rate.

"Lending money at a 'quarter a day,' however, has become too common among shavers and Shylocks, to be treated as a misdemeanor; and there is no more danger of being proceeded against for usury than there is for selling oysters. Once in a while an unfortunate fellow will plead usury to get rid of paying a debt, but he will plead as soon when the shave is 9 per cent. per annum as when it is 9 per cent. per month. Generally, the party lending and the party borrowing, are unknown to each other. The borrower applies to a broker, and the broker goes to the lender, and something like the following conversation takes place:

"Broker—'Anything you want to put out to-day?'

"Lender—'Don't know—what you got?'

"Broker—'Several things.' Shows a handful of notes and checks, which the lender takes and looks over carefully. After selecting such as he knows or thinks are good, asks—'What rate' they will stand? If the broker answers 'a 1-4,' the loan is made; if not, not. Before 3 o'clock the broker is pretty sure to be back with an answer, that his customer has concluded to 'come to terms.' In nearly every case of this kind, the lender of money learns who is the borrower, and 'marks him.' He knows he is a 'used up man,' and every time he sees his check, he looks upon it just as an old libertine looks upon the wretched female he meets in Broadway at 11 o'clock at night.

"The victim of the usurer may keep up for a while; but the day he borrows money at 'quarter a day,' he is gone; there is no salvation for him; he has fallen; and although he may be an honest merchant and a worthy man, his fate is sealed. Knowing that he has committed an act the knowledge of which will ruin his credit, he looks upon every man he meets as viewing him with suspicion; and in all his conduct there are visible signs of guilt—of something that the world is pretty sure to think is worse than borrowing money at a quarter per cent. a day."

A PEPSYIAN LETTER.—Just as we had taken up our pen to go on with our topics, we received a letter from a Down East correspondent, so full of Pepsyian anecdote, provincial gossip, and humane satire, that we cannot resist the temptation to overstep all the bounds of delicacy and give it to the world entire. Why should we selfishly wrap in our napkin such a piece of enjoyable good nature as this? By the way, we might as well give warning to our several private correspondents that, if they will write us such capital letters, they must not think of falling out with us if we do put them in print. We have conscientious scruples about keeping for our own enjoyment anything which we know would give pleasure to others. We have taken the liberty to erase the names because they are those of people who are too well known to allow of any other kind of liberties being taken with them:

"The keeper of the station near us is a Mr. Safford, father of a wonderful boy of whom you may have seen notices. He is an excellent specimen of the Yankee, civil, intelligent, able to write a good account of Secretary C. in our village newspaper, nasal enough, has his own opinions on men and books—opinions on a far higher plane than common. He is from Vermont, knows P.'s family 'wal,' and

thus confuted to me one day a story ne had seen translated from the Italian, to the effect that P. was born 'in the little hamlet of Woodstock, inhabited altogether by herdsmen and shepherds.' 'Why,' said he, 'I lived within a stones chuck o' the haouse he wuz born in. Knew his uncle, Dr. P., wal. Still livin'. There's five ministers o' the gospil, twelve doc'ors, and seventeen liars, (lawyers) these I know certin, and I guess there's much 's forty piano fortes there, too.' Not a bad scale of civilization, this, though new to me. What I was going to tell though, was something that took place this morning. He is a reader of — especially *quoad* the —, which refresh him hugely, and always has something to say when he sees me. He is amazingly proud of his son, (a weakness you and I could pardon were it a daughter) and properly so, for the boy is not like other mathematical prodigies, but has great parts in otnes respects. This morning he showed me a calculation of the boy's, with regard to the orbit of some comet or other, covering many sheets of paper wafered together—about eight feet of it in all.

"M.—'He is fifteen years old?'"

"S.—'No, ma'am, he ain't but *jest* gut into his fourteenth year.'"

"M.—'When did he do this?'"

"S.—(You see it is a matter of pride with the father to keep him young. Every year subtracts so much from his claims to prodigyship. Accordingly the '*jest*' in the last sentence was prolonged thus—'*je-e e-st*'—to express that he had barely reached fourteen, and that somehow he ought to have kept thirteen.) 'Wal, ma'am, he might 'a finished it in his thirteenth year. But he took a notion to read a book. I told him he better finish it up the night afore he come fourteen, and he might ez wal's nut. But he didn't—'*tweez* (answering a look of M.'s) a pity!'"

"You understand that his finishing it that night (though it would in fact have been but the gain of an hour or two) would have made a difference of a whole year in favor of the father when he told the story. A pretty little touch of nature, isn't it?"

"You write me news from the great city, and I send you in return *our* metropolitanisms. While I am telling stories, here is another. Said my father the other day to an old widow, one of his parish-poor, 'God has not deserted you in your old age.' 'No, sir, I have a very good appetite still,' thus indicating clearly that she was one of those who make a god of their belly. Yet, if she had said 'digestion,' I could have gone along with her. The Jews were always a rebellious people, yet no rebellion of theirs was ever so mischievous as that of the gastric Jews. We owe to it ill-temper and Byronic poetry—two of the greatest pests of society."

"This letter is written diary-wise. When I left off, I was at the railway station. Imagine us now safely arrived in B—. When there, I always maintain punctiliously the character of a country gentleman. We trail along the side-walk, stopping at all the shop windows to look at prints, caricatures, rifles, silverware, muslins, books, goldfish, toys, and what not. Perhaps I go over all the shop windows again, or I walk down to the end of long wharf—the only part of the city that I loved when a boy—or I walk through Ann street, (sadly changed now, and invaded by granite blocks,) or round by Copp's Hill, where the primitive prerevolutionary B— still persists, and where old people live who think our Independence of Britain a mistake, or I go up to look at the new Athenaeum, the library room in which is finished, and is the handsomest I ever saw. Through all these varied scenes I continue to represent the country interest,—my

pockets have, no doubt, been explored by the inquisitive fingers of professional gentlemen from New York over and over again. Probably they know me by this time, and look upon me as no better than a Sodom apple. Perhaps they continue their investigations from habit, as Jonathan Wild used to sound the pockets of Count La Ruse, though he knew there was nothing in them. Then I meet M., and loading myself with her various bundles we find our way to the station again, and 'so home,' as Pepys says.

"So much for Wednesday. Thursday morning I went after some pear trees I had bought, and set them out. During the rest of the morning I employed myself in scraping trees. After dinner scraped more. After tea set down to write my article for the S—. Got half through a prose one, when, just as the church-bells are ringing nine o'clock, the idea of a poem strikes me. Go to work on that at once. Finish it next morning all but the few last stanzas. In the afternoon (Friday) go to C— to get one thing and another for our whist club, which meets with me to-night. Play whist till 12. J. H. (who is lame) spends the night with me. Next day finish and copy my verses. Got all done just in time to prevent the mail. After dinner drive J. home. Evening, read Swift, that hog of letters, who had wit enough to know the worth of pearls, though fonder of garbage and of rooting among ordure.

"Now it is Sunday morning and here I am with you.— Since I wrote to you, the 'Town and Country Club' has been got up. Our first regular meeting is next Wednesday, (2d May.) when E. is to read an address. The Club is a singular agglomeration. All the persons whom other folks think crazy, and who return the compliment, belong to it. It is as if all the eccentric particles which had refused to revolve in the regular routine of the world's orbit, and had flown off in different directions, had come together to make a planet of their own. Plenty of fine, luminous matter there is, though. One thing is certain, it fitly represents the extreme *gauche*. The discussions in regard to a name were rather droll. A., whose orbit never, even by chance, intersects the plane of the modern earth, proposed that we should call ourselves 'Olympians.' Upon this I suggested to W. H. C., who sat next me, (and who seemed unconscious that I was not perfectly serious,) that, as the Club was composed chiefly of Apostles of the Newness, and as we hoped to aid in crushing some monsters, we should call ourselves (if we must be antique) the Club of Hercules. A., meanwhile, finding that his Olympian tack met with a headwind, wore ship and proposed 'Pan' as perhaps simpler and more accessible to the ordinary intellect. Hereupon, I again modestly suggested that, as we were to have a *cafe* annexed, or to annex ourselves to a *cafe*, the name Coffee pot would be apter than Pan, unless we prefixed thereto the distinguishing christen name of Patty.

"E. has changed a good deal since his visit to England. He has become—not at all more worldly—but more of this world. The practical sense of John Bull seems to have impressed him, and he is resolved to be practical, too. His lecture on England was not good, for him. There was one thing in it that especially pleased me. He did not even allude to the people. His favorite theory (you know) is the highest culture of the individual. He would think a nation well wasted if it brought one man to perfection. Accordingly his whole view was of the upper class—their beauty, their pluck, their fine persons, their healthiness, &c. The people he clearly regarded as the dung for those fine plants. I was pleased with this, because it was natural to E., and because we have enough who profess to see nothing but the people. It was wholesome to have the other side also pro-

sented. Yet the lecture, as a whole, gave me limited satisfaction, and taught me nothing. E. dwells so habitually in a world of his own that when he comes down into the real and practical (everything being strange to him,) he notices *minutiae* that would escape the habituated vision, and his remarks accordingly have wonderful freshness and point.—But in going to England, which was as unfamiliar to the eyes of other travellers as to his own, he has reported things which we had already heard many times. I heard the lecture at our Cambridge Lyceum, and, as his diction was sometimes peculiar, I was much amused by watching the audience. I saw one worthy joiner repeatedly and vigorously scratching the outside of his head in the hope of exciting a corresponding vivacity within—but he at last gave it up as useless. A new edition of E.'s works is to appear with a portrait. C. is to draw it, which I am sorry for. His heads are always graceful and spiritual, but they are wanting in that punctilious veracity which gives to a portrait its whole worth. Yet he gives the *expression* of the person quite wonderfully. I went to his room once, some half a dozen years ago, and saw, among other heads, one of a little boy. After looking at it, and feeling myself drawn to it in a peculiar and inexplicable manner, I said to C., 'I never saw the original of that drawing, but I am certain from the expression of the eyes, that that boy (whoever he is,) is of my kith and kin.' It turned out to be a son (whom I had never seen,) of a cousin of mine.

"L. has an excellent crayon drawing of E. by a down easter named J. It is the only tolerable head of him I ever saw. I am sorry it should not be engraved. L. has also a capital head of H., by the same artist.

"In regard to the proposed collection of my poems, the case stands thus. Two of my volumes are stereotyped and I own the plates. I intend to have such parts as I care to preserve stereotyped also and add them to the smaller volume, making two good sized ones. As for my portrait, let that come hereafter when I am older and wiser or dead.

"I copy below one of my latest poems. I have attempted to complete a fine old ballad-fragment, how successfully you must judge. It has been very popular with the small public for whom it was specially intended

"Lady Bird, lady bird, fly away home!  
Your house is on fire, your children will burn!  
Send for the engines, and send for the men,  
Perhaps we can put it out agen;  
Send for the ladders, and send for the hose,  
Perhaps we can put it out, nobody knows;  
Sure, nobody's case was ever sadder,  
To the nursery-window clap the ladder,  
If they are there, and not done brown,  
They'll open the window and hopple down!

"Thus far, you perceive, the material instinct gets the upper hand, but now the Lady Bird arrives at the scene of desolation, and the house-keeping qualities of mind are electrified into morbid activity. The word 'hopple' is finely local, being in the Mab dialect. It means to scramble down confusedly.

"Splish, splash! fizz and squirt!  
All my 'things' ruined with water and dirt,  
All my new carpets torn to flinders,  
Trodden in with mud and cinders!  
My mirrors smashed, my bedsteads racked,  
My company tea-sett chipped and cracked!  
Save my child—my carpets and chairs,  
And I'll give you leave to burn my heirs,

They are little six-legged, spotted things,  
If they have any sense, they'll use their wings;  
If they have any sense, they'll use their legs,  
Or, at worst, it is easy to lay more eggs.

"This, you observe, teaches children not to value themselves too highly, to respect crockery and varnish, and to cultivate self-reliance."

A SEA ROMANCE.—The following true story of a recent occurrence on board a British ship would make a fine base for a sea romance, or a nautical melo-drama:

"The Rainbow, from Southampton to Aden, arrived there about the 16th ult. Captain Arnold, her late commander, died ten days before the ship reached that port, and the chief mate was so habituated to drunkenness, that he had been confined to his cabin several times during the passage. The captain's daughter, about 16 years of age, was on board, and after her father's death the second mate, who had assumed the command, made a daring and insidious attempt to entice the young lady and run away with the ship. She indignantly and successfully repelled all his base and dastardly attempts, and although suffering under a painful bereavement, at once rushed on the quarter deck and made a public appeal to the ship's crew, as British seamen, and threw herself on their protection. This well-judged resolution had the desired effect; the seamen (except two of their number, who were led away by the second mate) declared, with that manly feeling which sailors so often display, that they would to a man protect her from all harm, and told the second mate and their misguided shipmates in very plain terms, that if he, the second mate, gave the slightest molestation to their late commander's daughter, they would pitch him overboard, and any one else who dared to follow his example should share the same fate.

"Miss Arnold then, with great presence of mind, begged the ship's company would grant her one especial favor. Her character, her manners, and the well-timed appeal which she had already made, induced the crew to declare their assent to any thing she might ask. Miss Arnold then said that the safety of the ship and her own security from insult could only be insured by throwing overboard that instant every drop of spirits in the ship. Without hesitation the seaman consented, and, leaving no time for reflection, they forthwith got the spirits on deck and threw every drop overboard. From that time Miss Arnold had her screened cot secured near the wheel, and slept alongside the binnacle, and three of the crew kept a faithful watch around her during the remainder of the voyage; and these faithful guardians of one of our beloved country-women never failed to evince the utmost respect, and preserved the most rigid decorum, honorable in every point of view to themselves, and to that charge which they had pledged themselves to undertake.

"Miss Arnold wrote a statement of all these occurrences, and forwarded it to Captain Haines, on the ship's arrival, when the second mate and disaffected men were immediately arrested and sent to prison. The chief officer had indulged himself to such an excess, that after the captain's death, and in the absence of all means of resort to his favorite stimulants, he was perfectly useless.

"Miss Arnold became the welcome guest of Captain Thomas at Aden, and every possible attention was shown to this noble-minded lady by the whole society there.

"Subsequent to Miss Arnold's charge against the second mate, Captain Haines applied to her for a circumstantial statement of what occurred on board the Rainbow after her

father's death. The lady complied with his request immediately, and her narrative was so well and ably written, that it excited admiration on all sides. At her solicitation, her father's remains were preserved in a cask of spirits, and were buried at Aden the day after the ship's arrival. She had always kept his accounts. The second mate navigated the ship, but several of the crew knew the proper course to Aden, and all his proceedings were narrowly watched."

WE commend the following fable by Carlyle to such of our readers as may be projecting some great scheme for reforming the world of its errors:

A FABLE.—Once upon a time, a man, somewhat in drink belike, raised a dreadful outcry at the corner of the marketplace, "That the world was turned all topsy-turvy; that the men and cattle were all walking with their feet uppermost; that the houses and earth at large (if they did not mind it) would fall into the sky; in short, that unless prompt means were taken, things in general were on the high road to the devil." As the people only laughed at him, he cried the louder and more vehemently; nay, at last, began objuring, foaming, imprecating; when a good natured auditor, going up, took the orator by the haunches, and softly inverting his position, set him down on his feet. The which upon perceiving, his mind was staggered not a little. "Ha! duce take it!" cried he, rubbing his eyes, "so it was not the world that was hanging by its feet, then, but I, that was standing on my head!" Censor, *Castigator morum*, Radical Reformer, by whatever name thou art called, have a care; especially if thou art getting loud!

MOTHERWELL, THE SCOTCH POET.—This tender young poet, whose ballads and songs are well known to American readers, a few months before his death wrote a poem in which the following stanzas occurred:

I grieve not, though a tear may fill  
This glazed and vacant eye;  
Old thoughts will rise, do what we will,  
But soon again they die;  
An idle gush,  
And all is hush,  
The fount is soon run dry:  
And cheerily now I meet my doom—  
The darkness of a nameless tomb.

The editor of Chambers' Edinburgh Journal, in a review of his poems, alludes to these lines, and says:

"In these verses Motherwell foretold what has hitherto been a truth. He was buried in the Necropolis of Glasgow, and the spot is undistinguished even by a head-stone bearing his initials! A considerable sum of money was raised by subscription among the friends of the deceased poet; but it was no more than enough to succor those whom Motherwell had been obliged to leave to the charity of his friends. It is high time that the reproach of the nameless tomb were wiped off, and we trust to see it immediately looked to."

WE shall be under the necessity of closing up our topical labors for this merry month of June with a slight allusion only to a few choice books that are books, which came to hand at too late a day for a regular notice in our monthly review. Let us name their titles first, and say what we can of them afterwards.

*The Crayon Miscellany.* By Washington Irving. 1 Vol. Published by Putnam: New York.

*My Uncle, the Curate, a novel.* By the Author of the Bachelor of the Albany. Harper and Brothers.

*A Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant.* By the Hon. Robert Curzon. New York: Putnam.

*Franklin's Bible Cartoon's, for the School and the Family.* New York: C. S. Francis & Co.

*Last Leaves of American History.* By Emma Willard. New York: Putnam.

*Adventures in the Sibyan Desert, and the Oasis of Jupiter Ammon.* By Bayle St. John. New York: Putnam.

*The Spy, a Tale of the Neutral Ground.* By J. Fennimore Cooper. New and revised edition uniform with Irving's works. Putnam: New York.

The first of these works certainly requires no commendation, it is almost as well known as the Bible, among English readers at least. The volume corresponds in external elegancies with the other volumes of this beautiful edition of Irving's works. It contains the Tour on the Praries, and the account of the author's visits to Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey. The second, "My Uncle the Curate," is a very lively, good natured, and rather satirical novel of modern English life, with an insight into Irish manners and troubles; it contains a little satire within the satire, or episode by itself on Ireland, under the whimsical name of a history of Higglely Piggledy. The author of "My Uncle" comes as near being a genius as a man well could and miss it. But, if he is not a genius, he is a writer of talent and erudition, and his style is lively and his stories readable. The "Visit to the Monasteries of the Levant" is a most gentlemanly and unpretending, but, at the same time, an amusing and instructive volume; the author's sole apology for writing is that he had nothing else to do; it is a great pity that one so capable should be reduced to such an extremity for employment, and it is also a pity that many others similarly situated could not employ their time equally well. The volume is republished from the London edition, with illustrations from the original cuts, which are very neat authentic drawings in outlines, chiefly by the author. This volume, and that by Mr. St. John, are very properly published with the name of the London as well as that of the New York publishers. This is gentlemanly, honest, and equally just to the reader and the owner of the copyright, and we hope to see it imitated in every case of a republished work. We endeavored some years since to impress upon our publishers the necessity and propriety of such a course, and we are most happy to see the practice in vogue. We believe that Butler of Philadelphia set the fashion, in his edition of Macaulay's History, but Mr. Putnam is not the man to be backward in taking advantage of any hints that tend to benefit the public, or add dignity to his business. As an indication of the nature of Mr. Curzon's volume, we give a brief extract from his introductory chapter in relation to the Monasteries of the Levant:

"In these monasteries resided the early fathers of the Church, and within the precincts of their time-hallowed walls were composed those writings which have since been looked up to as the rules of Christian life: from thence also were promulgated the doctrines of the Heresiarchs, which, in the early ages of the Church, were the causes of so much dissension and confusion, rancor and persecution, in the disastrous days of the decline and fall of the Roman empire.

"The monasteries of the East are besides particularly interesting to the lovers of the picturesque, from the beautiful situations in which they are almost invariably placed. The monastery of Megaspelon, on the coast of the Gulf of Corinth, is built in the mouth of an enormous cave. The monasteries of Meteora, and some of those on Mount Athos, are remarkable for their positions on the tops of inaccessible rocks; many of the convents in Syria, the islands of Cyprus, Candia, the Archipelago, and the Prince's Islands in the sea of Marmora, are unrivalled for the beauty of the positions in which they stand; many others in Bulgaria, Asia Minor, Sinope, and other places on the shores of the Black Sea, are most curious monuments of ancient and romantic times.—

There is one on the road to Persia, about one day's journey inland from Trebizond, which is built half way up the side of a perpendicular precipice; it is ensconced in several fissures of the rock, and various little gardens adjoining the buildings display the industry of the monks; these are laid out on shelves or terraces wherever the nature of the spot affords a ledge of sufficient width to support the soil; the different parts of the monastery are approached by stairs and flights of steps cut in the face of the precipice, leading from one cranny to another; the whole has the appearance of a bas-relief stuck against a wall; this monastery partakes of the nature of a large swallow's nest. But it is for their architecture that the monasteries of the Levant are more particularly deserving of study; for, after the remains of the private houses of the Romans at Pompeii, they are the most ancient specimens extant of domestic architecture. The refectories, kitchens, and the cells of the monks, exceed in point of antiquity anything of the kind in Europe. The monastery of St. Katherine at Mount Sinai has hardly been altered since the sixth century, and still contains ornaments presented to it by the Emperor Justinian. The White Monastery and the monastery at Old Cairo, both in Egypt, are still more ancient. The monastery of Kuzzul Vauk, near the sources of the Euphrates, is, I believe, as old as the fifth century. The greater number in all the countries where the Greek faith prevails, were built before the year 1000. Most monasteries possess crosses, candlesticks, and reliquaries, many of splendid workmanship, and of the era of the foundation of the buildings which contain them, while their mosaics and fresco paintings display the state of the arts from the most early periods."

The "Bible Cartoons" is not, properly, a book, although the Cartoons are presented in book form. They consist of four drawings in outline by John Franklin, in that severe style of art which the English have borrowed from the Germans of the Munich school. They are engraved on wood in a creditable manner, and are of a character calculated to produce a good effect on the minds of the masses who have not been familiarized to the achievements of the highest order of artistic effort. The subject of the Cartoons in the part now issued, are the four principal events in the life of Joseph. They are sold at a very cheap rate, only twelve and a half cents the set, and we hope they will have an extensive circulation. Often Cartoons of scriptural subjects are announced as in preparation. Mr. Putnam is doing a good work for American Literature, by his editions of the works of Irving and Cooper, which, we hope, will be followed by others. The new preface to the *Spy* gives us some interesting particulars in relation to the composition and publication of that famous novel. The author says:

"The style of the book has been revised by the author in this edition. In this respect, he has endeavored to make it more worthy of the favor with which it has been received; though he is compelled to admit there are faults so interwoven with the structure of the tale that, as in the case of a decayed edifice, it would cost perhaps less to re-construct than to repair. Five-and-twenty years have been as ages with most things connected with America. Among other advances, that of her literature has not been the least. So little was expected from the publication of an original work of this description, at the time it was written, that the first volume of 'The *Spy*' was actually printed several months, before the author felt a sufficient inducement to write a line of the second. The efforts expended on a hopeless task are rarely worthy of him who makes them, however low it may be necessary to rate the standard of his general merit.

"One other anecdote connected with the history of this book, may give the reader some idea of the hopes of an American author, in the first quarter of the present century. As the second volume was slowly printing, from manuscript that was barely dry when it went into the compositor's hands, the publisher intimated that the work might grow to a length that would consume the profits. To set his mind at rest, the last chapter was actually written, printed, and paged, several

weeks before the chapters which precede it were even thought of. This circumstance, while it cannot excuse, may serve to explain the manner in which the actors are hurried off the scene.

"A great change has come over the country since this book was originally written. The nation is passing from the gristle into the bone, and the common mind is beginning to keep even pace with the growth of the body politic. The march from Vera Cruz to Mexico was made under the orders of the gallant soldier, who, a quarter of a century before, was mentioned with honor in the last chapter of this very book. Glorious as was that march, and brilliant as were its results in a military point of view, a stride was then made by the nation, in a moral sense, that has hastened it, by an age, in its progress towards real independence and high political influence. The guns that filled the valley of the Aztecs with their thunder, have been heard in echoes on the other side of the Atlantic, producing equally hope or apprehension."

**NOTICE TO EXCHANGE PAPERS.**—The newspapers with which we exchange will oblige us by not sending us their papers excepting in the case of containing a notice of our Magazine. Our exchange list is so heavy that the postage has become a very serious item of expenditure to us.

**TO THE COUNTRY READERS OF OUR MAGAZINE.**—It will be seen, y reference to the cover of the Magazine, that the Publisher has made most extensive arrangements with Harper & Brothers, Dewitt & Davenport, Burgess & Stringer, and all the principal Publishers, to supply their works at the regular prices. The object of this notice is to advise all our country subscribers, who wish to obtain new works from this city, to forward the amount to C. W. Holden, with the positive assurance that in every case the works mentioned will be sent by return mail, enclosed in strong wrappers, and carefully directed. Every family is frequently desirous of procuring new and popular works as issued, and many are unwilling to send money in a letter to a Publisher unknown to them, from fear of pecuniary loss. This difficulty can now be remedied, as the Publisher of Holden's Magazine, will, in all cases receive money at his own risk, through the mail, in payment for any book published, provided the cash is enclosed and mailed in presence of the Postmaster of the office from which it is sent. By this method any one can easily receive any publication wished.

Many, in the country, frequently wish to obtain scarce and valuable bound books, statuary, autographs, &c. If such will forward us their orders, we will in all cases give our personal attention to them as soon as they reach us.

As the Magazine is furnished at a mere nominal price to country subscribers, we hope our friends in all parts of the country will favor us with their orders, to enable us to make good in that way our very small profit on the Magazine; and we know that many, if not all of them, prefer sending their book orders to some well known and responsible Publisher, who is punctual in his attention to them. Any book in print, whether advertised on the cover or not, will be furnished at the regular price, when ordered. For the accommodation of our subscribers we will at any time receive money as subscription to any of the three dollar magazines, or any other publications, daily, weekly, or monthly. Any orders for such will be promptly attended to. Letters must invariably be postpaid.

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## NEW BOOKS.

CHARLES W. HOLDEN having now completed his stock of Books, Pamphlets, Periodicals, Prints, &c. &c., is prepared to supply his country subscribers and others with anything in the line at the Publishers lowest prices. He has on hand an assortment of the New Publications of the day, as any where in the United States, and is prepared to furnish all country orders for single copies accompanied by the cash.

The following list comprises a few of the Books he offers for sale. Each book will, on the reception of an order, be mailed to the address of the person ordering it, enclosed in a strong wrapper and carefully directed.

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Italy. By Mad. de Stael.	50
Werner. From the German of Spindler.	50
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Wuthering Heights. By Acton Bell.	50
Patent Sermons. By Dow, Jr. 2 vols. Each	25
Henry Clay. By Epes Sargeant.	25
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Physiology: Its Practical Application to Physiology, Agriculture, and Commerce. By Professor Liebig.	20
Physiology Proved, Illustrated, and Applied. By O. S. Fowler.	1 00
Now and Then. By the Author of Ten Thousand a Year and Diary of a Physician.	50
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